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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 18, 1954
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The Sphere

Christmas 1954

Publishing Office: Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2

For Postage Rates see inside

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If there is beauty at Christmas, then it is to be found in our old Church Carols.

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Christmas News from

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Among the attractive gifts obtainable at Burberrys are handblocked scarves in a great variety of designs and colours from 22/6; pure silk georgette, embroidered blouses from £5.15.6; lambswool twin sets from £3.19.6; a large selection of lined and unlined ladies' gloves from £1.10.9, and a wide range of ladies' umbrellas from £4.19.6.

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF 10/-

or of any amount would help towards their festive fare.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

H.M. Coastguard as Hon. Agent of the Society hands the cheque to a widow.

Immediate Relief Grants

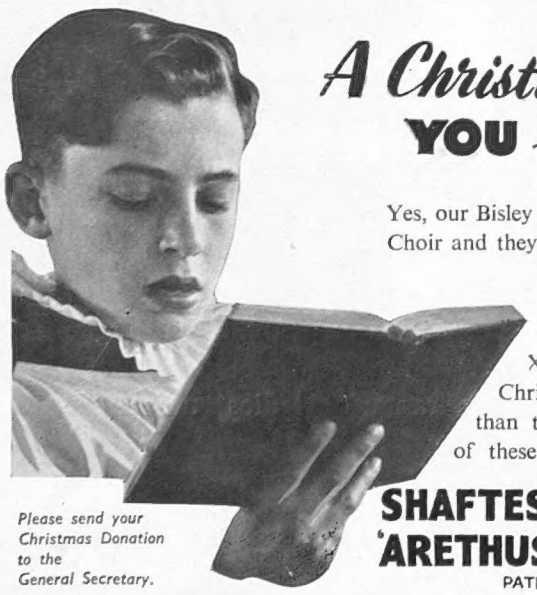
are given to Widows, Aged Parents and Orphans of seamen lost at sea round our coast and survivors are also assisted. Last year alone over £4,535 in such grants was distributed.

Please help this National Work

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY

(G3) 16 Wilfred Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

Patron: H.M. THE QUEEN



Please send your Christmas Donation to the General Secretary.

A Christmas Service YOU *can render*

Yes, our Bisley School Chapel has its own boys' Choir and they, like all the children of all our Homes, look to you for their Happy Christmas as well as for your help from one Xmas to the next. What better Christmas Service could there be than the present and future support of these unsubsidised children's homes.

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A MILLION SHINING

People Who Wait for

Family Christmas.—The Christmas Festival came into being because of the Birth of a Little Child, and so it is right and fitting that, 2,000 years later, it is the needs and happiness of the children that fill our thoughts at Christmas. THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY has a gigantic family of 5,000 motherless and fatherless children who wait eagerly for Christmas morning, and the extra joy it may bring. Will you drop something into the family stocking, so that the children may enjoy something of the special Christmas delights of an ordinary family circle? Please help to make their dreams come true. Our address is Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

For Those in Need.—THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION was founded fifty-five years ago for the relief of gentlepeople who, through misfortune, are driven to despair in the fight against adversity. The Association makes weekly grants to over 300 cases, and also supplies clothing, invalid comforts and allowances to others in distress. Residential and nursing homes are provided for those who have little hope of recovery. The Association appeals for your aid, that comfort may be given to a few more of the many who face sickness and poverty in their old age. Please send your Christmas gifts to the D.G.A.A., 10, Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

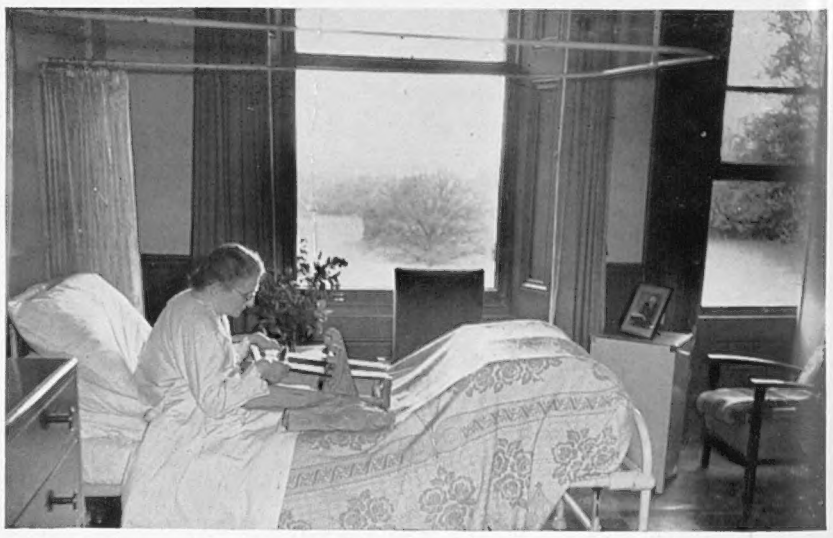
The Fairbridge Story.—The first page in the Fairbridge Story was written forty-four years ago, when young Kingsley Fairbridge founded his Society for sending children from the overcrowded cities of the British Isles to the wide and lovely lands of the Colonies. To-day there are Fairbridge Farm Schools in all parts of the Commonwealth where boys and girls are learning the great business of farming in wonderful surroundings. £30 will outfit and send one child to a new and useful life. Will you celebrate this Christmas by enabling us to write a luggage label for another young emigrant? Your gifts will be gratefully received by the Secretary, THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY, 38, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

Moral Aid.—THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION is the special Church of England body responsible for the sympathetic handling of moral welfare work among women and girls. It assists committees to found Rescue Homes and gives annual grants to Homes in league with the Association. Every penny received by way of subscriptions or donations is distributed. Please help this good work by sending a Christmas gift to the CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION, 20, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1.

Leadership Against Tuberculosis.—One hundred million Christmas Seals will be issued this year by THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS. Each seal is a greeting and also a reminder that tuberculosis is still unconquered. The N.A.P.T. is a voluntary organisation, managed by experienced doctors and laymen, who understand every corner of the tuberculosis field. Its ambition, through research, education and propaganda, is the elimination of tuberculosis from Britain and her territories. By using Christmas Seals you can help. The Seals cost 4s. per 100 and can be bought from the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

HELP US TO HELP—

—Those who cannot help themselves



Patient busy weaving at Merlewood

ELDERLY people accustomed to refinements in living, alone and broken in health, reduced to poverty, yet unwilling to ask for charity—These are the people on whom YOU in your generosity are asked to bestow the blessings of nursing care, companionship and security.

Funds are urgently needed to maintain over 300 invalid and aged pensioners and hundreds of other sick and chronic invalids, now being cared for both in their own homes and in the Nursing and Residential Homes provided by the Association.

The Association entirely depends upon voluntary contributions for the continuation of its work.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

Patron: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother

10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

You to Light Them

"For Those in Peril."—THE ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY FOR SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS has been in being for over 100 years. Its main objects are to aid the shipwrecked mariners of all nations who are cast up destitute on the coast of the British Isles, and to help their dependants. Since its beginning the Society has assisted over 1,062,000 fishermen, mariners and their families. At this season of winter weather and storm-tossed seas, will you remember our fishermen and the families who wait and listen? Gifts and Legacies will be gratefully received at the Central Office, 16, Wilfred Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—This great family of 7,000 needy boys and girls deserves our kind thoughts at the Christmas season. Many of these children have never known the delights of family life. So many have come to Dr. Barnardo's from broken homes or as a result of cruelty or neglect; others need special medical care. A generous gift for Britain's biggest family will be warmly welcomed, and will ensure that some Barnardo child may enjoy a little of the Christmas festivities so dear to all children. Please send gifts to 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The Fight Against Cancer.—The word "Cancer" has more power to strike dread into the hearts of human beings than many of the most powerful weapons of war. But—as with weapons of war—that dread can be allayed by fighting back and beating the attacker. This is what the IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND is doing by unceasing research into the problems of stamping out this most dread disease. This is not a State-aided Fund, and is entirely dependent upon your interest for the continuance of its vital work. Please send gifts to the IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND, Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

The Shaftesbury Homes.—Over 111 years ago a young man called Williams resolved to devote his days to raising the standard of life for boys and girls whose prospects were doubtful and sad. With the help of Lord Shaftesbury, special Homes were equipped, and a Training Ship, the "Arethusa," was acquired to train boys for the Royal Navy. Since then over 39,000 children have passed through THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES and have learnt the meaning of happiness and service. The maintenance of the 900 children now in the schools and Training Ship is dependent upon voluntary legacies and donations. These will be received with real gratitude at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

The Salvation Army.—Over 70 years ago one of the SALVATION ARMY'S early-day members set apart a room in her own house to shelter girls in need of help or protection. When Mrs. Cotterill found her own house too small for the number of girls she wished to help, the Army's leaders authorised her to take a small cottage in Whitechapel. From so small a beginning this branch of its work is now carried on in this country in 113 institutions, ranging from Maternity Hospitals to "Eventide Houses." Thousands of the needy are guests of the Army at Christmas-time. Please help to give them a happy day by sending your gift to General Wilfred Kitching, 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

HIS friends have gone; will YOU help him to join them? It costs £30—a Christmas gift that lasts a lifetime!

This appeal is made through the generosity of a friend to extend the work of the Society.

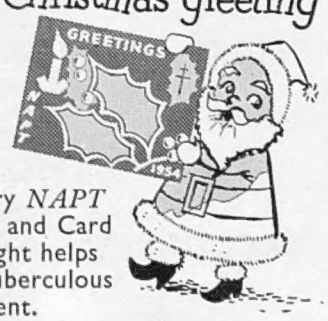
THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY

President:
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G., K.T., K.P.

Director: W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.

38 Holland Villas Road, Kensington, London, W.14. Tel: Park 6822

Send a double Christmas greeting



Every *NAPT* Seal and Card bought helps a tuberculous patient.

SEALS: 100 for 4/-

CARDS (Coloured design based on Christmas Seal) 12 with envelopes: 8/-

CARDS (Black and White Coach and Inn Scene) 12 with envelopes: 4/-

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
Tavistock House North, London, W.C.1.

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

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Patron—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL of HALIFAX K.G. P.C.

Founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

The Fund itself carries out Cancer Research in its own laboratories without State aid. New lines of research are starting: new equipment and extra staff are wanted. Please send a gift to the Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

But . . . please don't forget the others!

There are nearly 5,000 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child.

Christmas Donations gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

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for

Moral Welfare Work among Women, Girls and Children

For over 100 years the Church Moral Aid Association has been actively engaged in this work.
It assists Committees to found Homes.
Acts as Custodian Trustees for properties.
Helps old and needy workers.
Gives maintenance grants annually to Homes in Union, also gives bursaries towards the training of workers.

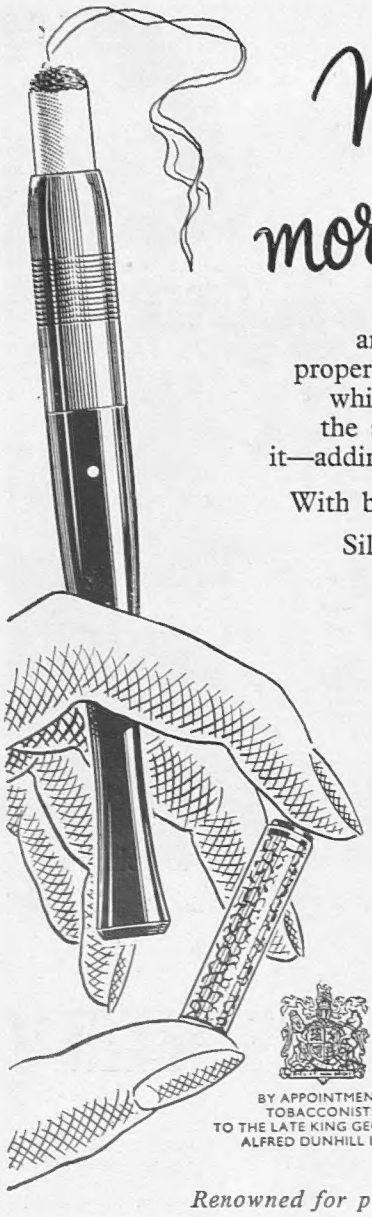
Fullest particulars will be gladly supplied by the Secretary

CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION
(formerly Church Penitentiary Association)
20 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1

"But Once a Year?.."

The Salvation Army does not allow Goodwill to be fixed to the calendar. All through the year, our Goodwill officers bring comfort, company and cheer to distressed and lonely people everywhere. And as Christmas draws near, our work has an especial urgency. For it is far more terrible to be lonely and dispirited at Christmas time than at any other season.
Will you kindly help our extra Christmas efforts with an extra gift?
General Wilfred Kitching, 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army



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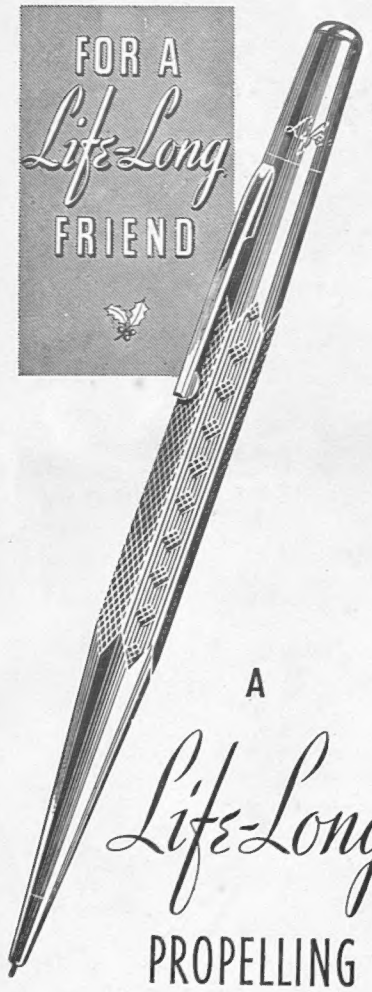

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Not at all. SEAGERS has much more muchness.

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H'm, not entirely. Mostly I drink it because I like it.

You consider yourself an authority on gins then?

No, an authority on what I like.

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★

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EVERY morning of the year to be wakened to morning tea freshly made, ready at your bedside for enjoyment in cosy comfort, and what a happy daily reminder of the kind giver.

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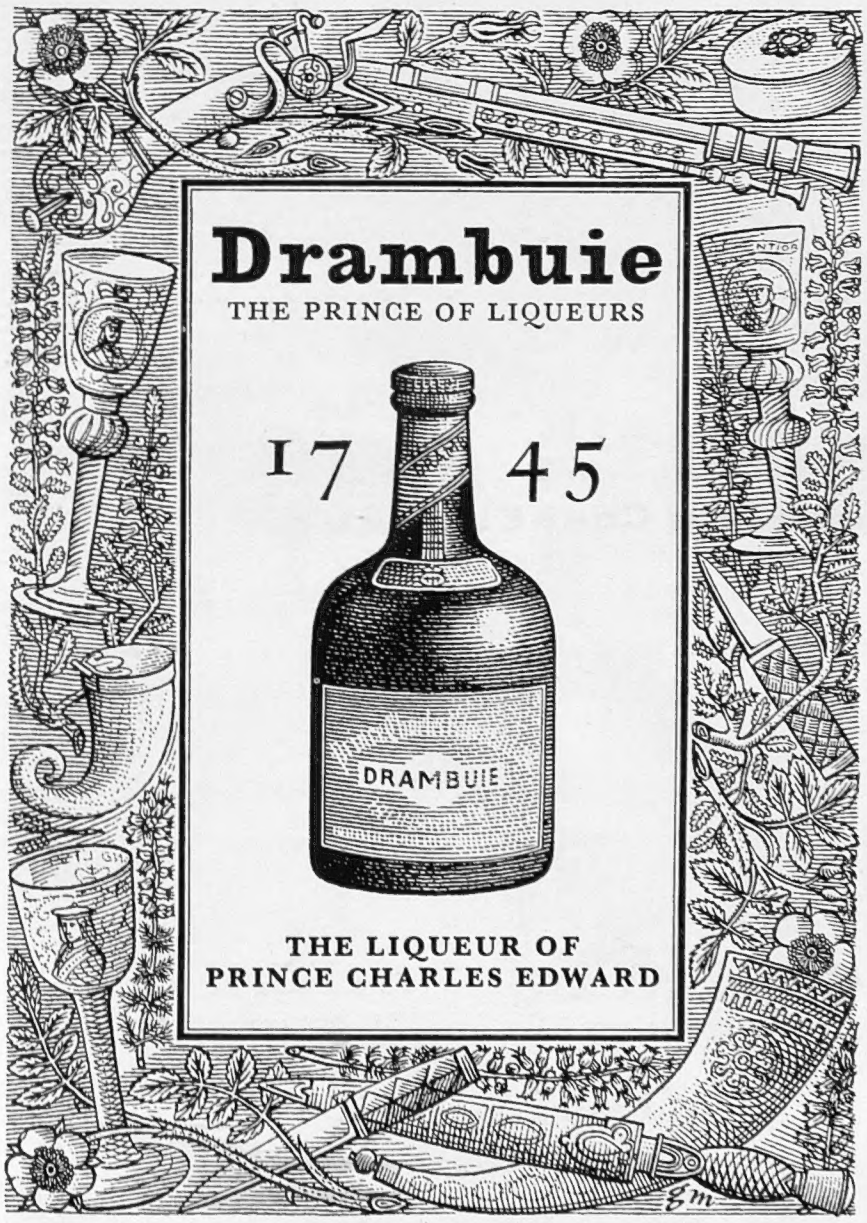

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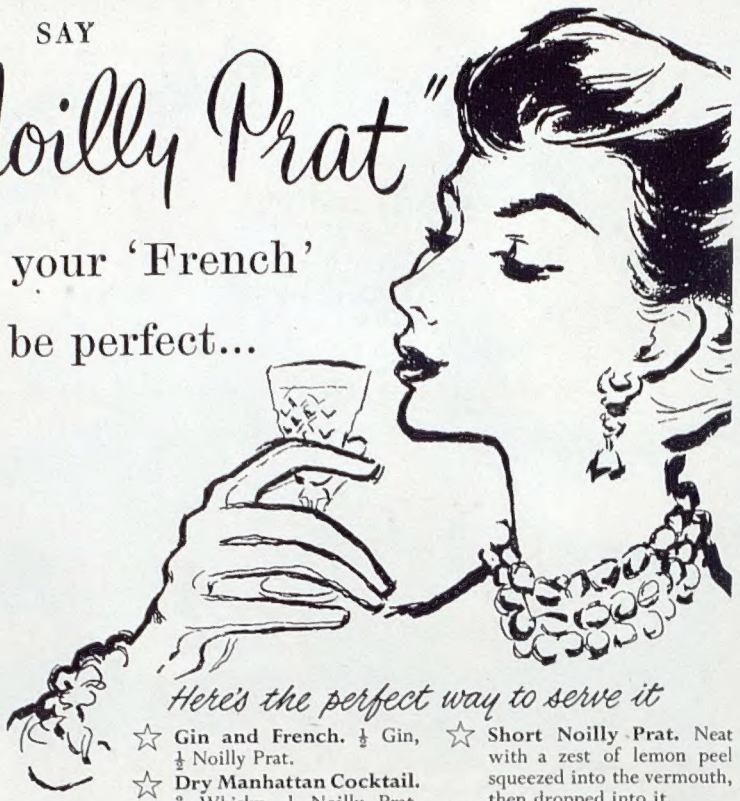

Here's the perfect way to serve it

- ☆ **Gin and French.** ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ **Dry Manhattan Cocktail.** ⅔ Whisky, ⅓ Noilly Prat. Add ice and shake.
- ☆ **Diabolo.** ½ Noilly Prat, ½ Cognac, dash Orange Bitters.
- ☆ **Short Noilly Prat.** Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ☆ **Long Noilly Prat.** Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

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No Christmas is complete without it. Mix it with everything—fruit squash, tonic water, vermouth, ginger ale. Bottle 33/9d.; ½ bottle 17/7d.; ¼ bottle 9/2d.; Miniature 3/7d.

Gordon's

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Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, but full-strength gin made with pure oranges and lemons. Best taken neat, but add tonic water or a little soda water if preferred. Bottle 32/-; ½ bottle 16/9d.; Miniature 3/5d.

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"What a priceless jar! Surely you shouldn't use it for tea?"

"Why not? That's what it was meant for. The family have used it since great-great-grandmamma's time."

"And you fill it with the choicest tea, I suppose?"

"My dear, how did you know I'm using Brooke Bond 'Choicest'? George forgot to bring the tea I have been getting specially from Town, so I got some of this delicious blend from the grocer in the High Street. Thought I'd discovered something, yet you already know about it!"

"I didn't know until you told me. But *now* I know."

Brooke Bond recommend their 'Choicest' tea to all who enjoy and appreciate a fine blend.
Freshly delivered weekly to grocers everywhere.
Put it on your weekly shopping order.

The Perfect Complement to Yuletide

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Uninvited Spectators at the Christmas Revels

An Early Victorian Party Scene, Specially Painted for "The Sphere" by Pauline Baynes

A Calendar

JANUARY– MALLARD DUCK

FEBRUARY– ROBIN

MAY– NIGHTINGALE

JULY– BLACK HEADED GULL

AUGUST– SWIFTS and

OCTOBER– BARN OWL

DECEMBER

Birds of the months – by Pauline Baynes – A description of these

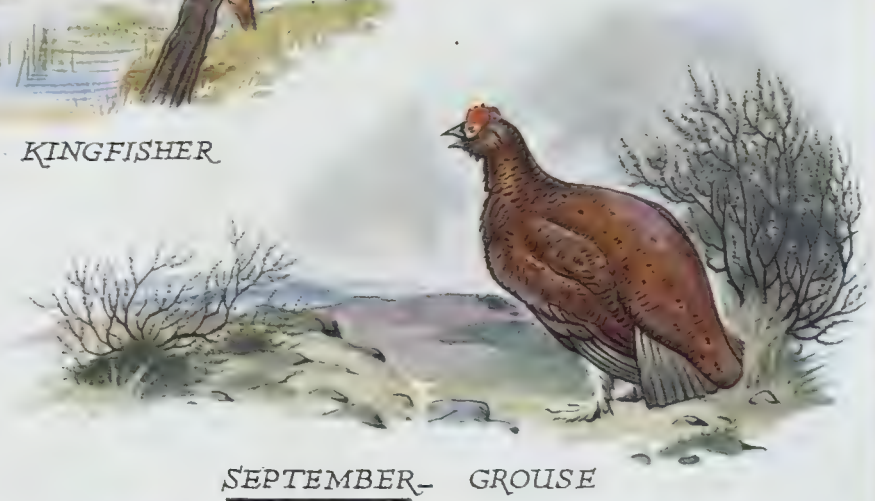
# of Birds

MARCH— MISSEL THRUSH (Storm Cock)

APRIL— CUCKOO

SWALLOWS about to migrate

JUNE— KINGFISHER



SEPTEMBER— GROUSE

SNIPE

NOVEMBER PHEASANT

birds and their seasonal habits will be found at the end of this Number—

An 18th. Century Drawing Room

GEORGIAN ELEGANCE

This beautiful salon has been visualised by the artist, Porteous Wood, as typical of the mid-eighteenth century. It is not intended as the result of an interior decorator with every object of the same period. As in most homes at any time, it contains family pieces of an earlier age. At the door on the right stands a chair of the William and Mary period; the bureau bookcase next to it is dated 1760. The gilt Gesso mirrors on the wall are early eighteenth century, and the pair of carved gilt side-tables, or console tables, below them are of the same period, *circa* 1735, as is the bracket clock on the table in the right-hand corner. By the windows (*left*) stands a lacquered cabinet which dates from the second half of the seventeenth century. The tops were imported and the stands made to hold them. In the centre of the room around the table are ribbon-backed chairs after the style of Chippendale; and the large red chair in the left foreground dates from 1730.

A 19th Century Drawing Room

VICTORIAN EBULLIENCE

In this room, about a hundred years later than that on the facing page, the debasement of taste has well and truly set in. A few pieces remain from the eighteenth century, but their elegance is lost in the wild profusion of Victoriana. The carpet, with its heavy design, is typical of the period. So is the amassing of ornately-framed pictures, especially around the fireplace, from which it is easy to see how Royal Academicians thrived at this time. The revolving bookcase with its decorated, circular ends ; the mechanical escritoire on the far right, by the plant ; the sofa and lady's chair, and the high-backed green chair by the fireplace ; the piano and the companion chair just beyond it, are all as exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The stool at the piano and the walnut china cabinet by the windows are late seventeenth century ; the green wing chair *circa* 1740 ; and the Tall Back Chair in the centre foreground is of the William and Mary period.

Henry Morgan's Fireship

Montague Dawson Depicts Vividly this Adventure of the Welsh Buccaneer

MARACAIBO LAGOON, gleaming under the Venezuelan sun, looked an ominous place to the Welsh buccaneer Sir Henry Morgan in the spring of 1669. His pirate barques and sloops had sailed gaily in over the shallow bar, subdued the Spanish forts, driven out their garrison, "nailed" their guns, sailed gaily on to pillage the towns of Maracaibo and Gibraltar, capture prisoners, hostages and much booty. This fabulous El Dorado was a stricken stronghold when he had finished with it, for he did not hesitate to inflict torture to wrest from the natives the secrets of their treasure-hoards.

Getting in was one thing, getting out with his spoils another. He knew now that he was trapped. Three full-rigged, heavily armed Spanish warships which had been sweeping the seas for him lay in wait outside the bar. Their draught was too deep to permit them to enter the lagoon, but they could bide their time, sure of victory against the smaller vessels if it came to a running fight.

Cursing his ill-luck, Morgan sent a fast ship to reconnoitre and draw the Spanish fire, so that he would know what he had to face. The largest enemy ship, the *Magdalena*, carried forty guns; the next, the *San Luis*, thirty or more; the third, *La Marquesa*, twenty or twenty-four. Then, bluffing for time, he tried to negotiate with the Spanish admiral, Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa, sending a Spanish prisoner with a demand for ransom for Maracaibo.

The admiral's reply was an ultimatum. He had restored the defences of the forts guarding the channel, including Palomas, so cowardly surrendered, and mounted again the guns Morgan had "nailed." He would dispute his passage, pursue him everywhere. But if he agreed to surrender all he had taken, with slaves and other prisoners, and return to his own country, he would be allowed to pass without molestation. If he resisted, the admiral would bring troops from Caracas, storm Maracaibo, and put every pirate to the sword, for his soldiers desired nothing more ardently than to revenge the cruelties and infamies Morgan had inflicted on the Spanish nation in America.

As the two locked, and the fireship exploded in flame,

Darkness came, and no attack

Morgan read the letter to his men, in English and French, in the Maracaibo square. Would they give up what they had won, or fight for it? Some had despaired at news of the Spanish ships, one "put his hands to his neck, as if he already felt the noose." But all shouted that they would fight, ay, to the last drop of blood, rather than give up their booty. Morgan made further offers to the admiral, which were refused, then pressed ahead with his only hope of escape: a fireship.

He took a vessel he had seized at Gibraltar, loaded it with pitch, tar, brimstone, powder and masses of palm-leaves smeared with tar, made portholes for dummy cannon, laid fuses, loosened planks so that when the hold was fired the whole ship would burst into a raging inferno, scattering flame in all directions. From bits of timber, stuffed sacking, old clothes, he conjured up a dummy crew of pirates with painted cloth-faces, fixed muskets on their arms, and posted the motley scarecrows along the bulwarks, on the bridge, and at other action-stations, with a realistic effigy of himself in command. The only living crew was to be a suicide squad of a dozen volunteers, pledged to fire the ship and, if necessary, perish with her.

In the bigger of his ships he put prisoners and valuable booty, such as gold and jewels, each with a dozen men to guard them; in the smaller, other goods and stores. The men in his assault barques had been solemnly sworn to fight to the death.

It was a tense, desperate convoy that sailed out of Maracaibo on the evening of April 30, to anchor at the lagoon's narrow mouth in the darkness, ready for dawn attack. In the moonlight the three Spanish galleons lurking under Palomas fort were within sight, almost within shot, so Morgan ordered an alert watch to be kept to guard against surprise. If the enemy forced the issue he was prepared to battle all night, but the Spaniards were content to wait for his first move.

In the first grey, dim light over a hushed sea paling from purple to jade, Morgan gave the order to weigh anchor and advance. Formidable indeed must have seemed those towering galleons to the men in his relatively small ships; they stood blocking the way like giants. The fireship led in a favourable wind, with five barques immediately following. Swinging to meet them, the Spaniards loosed broadsides, and the battle was on.

It was too late for them to do anything except abandon their guns, rush to the side and try to break loose

All Spanish eyes were on the intrepid fireship, so resolute in her daring that they concluded she must be Morgan's own, bent on a desperate reckless gamble. Don Alonso, in the *Magdalena*, let her come close in, so that he could grapple, but as she came broadside on it was the twelve frantic men who flung out irons first, with kedges to claw the enemy's shrouds. Only then did the Spaniards realise that she was a fake-ship crewed and armed mainly by dummies. As the two locked, and the fireship exploded in flame, it was too late for them to do anything except abandon their guns, rush to the side, and try to break loose. But the flames, roaring high, were already licking the *Magdalena's* sails, shrouds and spars.

Soon the gay, stately stern was ablaze, then the fire straddled amidships and leapt to the fore part, which settled sizzling into the sea. The two ships were a roaring, spitting, rocketing furnace. Those of the 250 crew who were not trapped in the flames and smoke or blown up when the magazine caught, jumped overboard, clinging to any wreckage they could bear to touch, preferring to risk drowning rather than trust themselves to the mercies of the pirates who came to their rescue.

Shattered by this disaster, the captain of the *San Luis* either panicked or in a fury of anger decided to run his ship ashore and take refuge with his crew on Palomas. *La Marquesa* put up a stiff fight, but had to surrender. Morgan might now have escaped, for the way was open to the sea and freedom. Instead, flushed with victory, he pursued the Spaniards ashore and in a pitched battle lost upwards of fifty of his men.

Nothing would induce him to leave while there was prospect of further loot. When a captured Spaniard told him that silver coin to the value of 40,000 pieces-of-eight had gone down with the *Magdalena*, whose charred hulk was visible in the clear, shallow water, he sent men to try to salvage her. They brought up 15,000 pieces-of-eight, lumps of molten gold from more coins melted by the heat, richly jewelled swords and crucifixes, gold-embossed pistols and other valuables.

Back in Maracaibo, Morgan was again in difficulties, for although there was now no squadron to block his way, the fort had been strongly re-manned by the Spaniards. Once more he opened negotiations with Don Alonso, now in command of the garrison, demanding a ransom. When the Spaniard refused, he threatened to fire the town, and made such thorough preparations that wealthy citizens offered him 20,000 pieces-of-eight and 500 cattle for meat for his men if he would hold his hand. This he agreed to, grumbling that the price should have been 30,000 pieces.

(*Concluded on page* 16)

Again Morgan had singed the Spaniard's beard and got away. . . .

Morgan's barques and sloops sailed gaily on to pillage the towns of Maracaibo and Gibraltar

Henry Morgan's Fireship

When further offers to Don Alonso failed to draw him, the resourceful Morgan produced a second trump card. His men were getting restive at the indefinite delay, tired of having to feed their prisoners and hostages, so he allotted each man his proper share of the 250,000 pieces-of-eight, plus goods and slaves, according to rank and battle-scars. This was far more satisfactory than impounding the bulk in one or two ships whose skippers might be tempted to run off with the loot.

"Now," he said, "if the Don will not allow me to pass, I shall find a way without his leave."

He then proceeded to trick the Spaniards a second time. Looking out from their fort, they saw boat after boat loaded with men cross the lagoon, land them under cover of dense coconut palms on a neck of land at the rear of the fort and just outside its range, and return empty for more. All through the hot day the expedition went on, until the Spaniards, thoroughly alarmed, calculated that hundreds had been landed ready to storm the fort at night. Without loss of a moment they sweated and strained to drag round their biggest cannon to defend the landward side.

Morgan's ruse was so simple as to be almost childish. The "empty" returning boats still carried the men lying hidden. The same men did several double journeys. How Morgan and his merry buccaneers must have laughed at the consternation of the Spaniards at this mass invasion!

Darkness came, and no attack. Then, in the faint light of a rising moon, the Spaniards saw Morgan's perky fleet sailing out to the open sea. Frantically they strove to reverse the guns to their former positions, got a few to the seaward side, but were too late. Their frenzied shots fell wide. As Morgan sailed gaily out of range he loosed a round in the direction of the fort. It was his farewell taunt to Don Alonso, who had thought him safe in the net. He also sent off in a boat a few Spanish sailors and hostages who had been promised their freedom once he was out of danger.

The loot in his holds amounted to something like a quarter-of-a-million pieces-of-eight, besides jewels and plate, negro slaves and other captives he could sell into bondage. Crowding on sail before a breeze which stiffened to a gale, he sailed on undaunted, while his men prayed that the tempest would spare them and not cast them back into the Spaniards' clutches. The wind lessened, the sea calmed. They had a fair passage and, triumphantly, came to anchor in Port Royal, with its taverns and women and other delights to welcome the pirate "home." Again Morgan had singed the Spaniard's beard and got away with a whole skin and the spoils of the Spanish Main.

Trevor Allen

Cursing his ill-luck, Morgan sent a fast ship to reconnoitre and draw the Spanish fire

Skyline of 18th-Century Edinburgh—Deacon Brodie's Edinburgh

He Walked by Night

The Double Life of Deacon Brodie of Edinburgh

By George Blake

With Illustrations by Tom Taylor

CRIME is always the more fascinating when it is committed under the cloak of respectability. A grubby murder in a distant slum, having its own quality of inevitability, can never take on the interest—one had almost said, the charm—of the discovery that the suburban banker, in an effort to maintain two separate establishments, has been frequenting the bookmakers and raiding the widow's savings to keep the ball of desperation in the air. The peculiarly lush annals of Scottish crime are passing rich in this sort of thing—none richer than the case of Deacon Brodie, an eighteenth-century *cause célèbre* about which men are still prepared to argue and wonder.

The English reader might assume that the term "Deacon" has nothing but ecclesiastical warrant. Nearly obsolescent, but still in formal use, it was the title given in Scotland to the elected head of a trade or craft guild, as it might be the Master of a Livery Company in England. William Brodie's guild was the Incorporation of Wrights—that is to say, joiners, cabinet-makers, and, possibly, undertakers. It carried with it a seat on Edinburgh Town Council and the perquisites of office in the way of civic contracts.

This Brodie was born in September 1741, the son of Francis Brodie and his spouse, Cecil Grant. The father, who came of landed and legal stock, had created a solid business. When he died in 1782 he left to his only son a considerable amount of house property and "£10,000 in specie." And why, one asks, should the inheritor of such a large fortune by eighteenth-century standards take to housebreaking on a scale that a cat-burglar of the twentieth century would regard as amateurish?

In the early 1780's the respectable folk of Edinburgh began to be troubled by what seemed like an epidemic of petty burglaries, and nasty little stories started to circulate. One old lady, for instance, having decided after all not to go to church one Sabbath morning, stayed by the fire to read her Bible and was astonished to see a masked man enter her sitting-room, pick her keys from the table, rifle her bureau and bow himself out; and "Surely that was Deacon Brodie" she said on recovering from the shock of seeing such a respectable figure rifling her room.

(*Continued on following pages.*)

The old lady was astonished to see a masked man enter her sitting-room

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He Walked by Night

(*Continued from previous page*)

It was not physically an attractive figure. Brodie was what the Scots still call a "shilpet" creature, only 5 ft. 4 ins. in height, his legs spindly within knee-breeches and fine stockings. Towards the end of his life his rat-like features were diversified by the scar of a wound under his right eye, the ugly souvenir of a tavern brawl. It may well be that his mean appearance had some bearing on his failure to marry in his own rank of society, and, on the other hand, on his fondness for the lowest of Edinburgh night life at a time when that capital city was, for all its light and learning, its wealth and wisdom, a tolerably degraded place. His respectable sister Jean did the honours of the family house above the workshops in what is still Brodie's Close, in the Lawnmarket, but he also kept, unknown to each other apparently, two women, Anne Grant and Jean Watt, who had borne him families of three and two children respectively.

This was expense enough for any man, even if Brodie's account for work done for the Town Council alone could amount to £600 a year, but he also was, away from his douce sister's influence o' nights, a reckless gambler. Not exciting enough for this strange man were the recognised drinking clubs; he sought out low gambling dens and was an enthusiast of the cock-fighting game. It came to the point that one John Hamilton, nicely described as a "master chimney-sweep," brought a charge of using loaded dice against the respected Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights—the penultimate crisis of Brodie's double life.

The Bench was presided over by the formidable Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Braxfield, the prototype

The gang's last fatal plan was to break into the General Excise Office for Scotland, in the Canongate

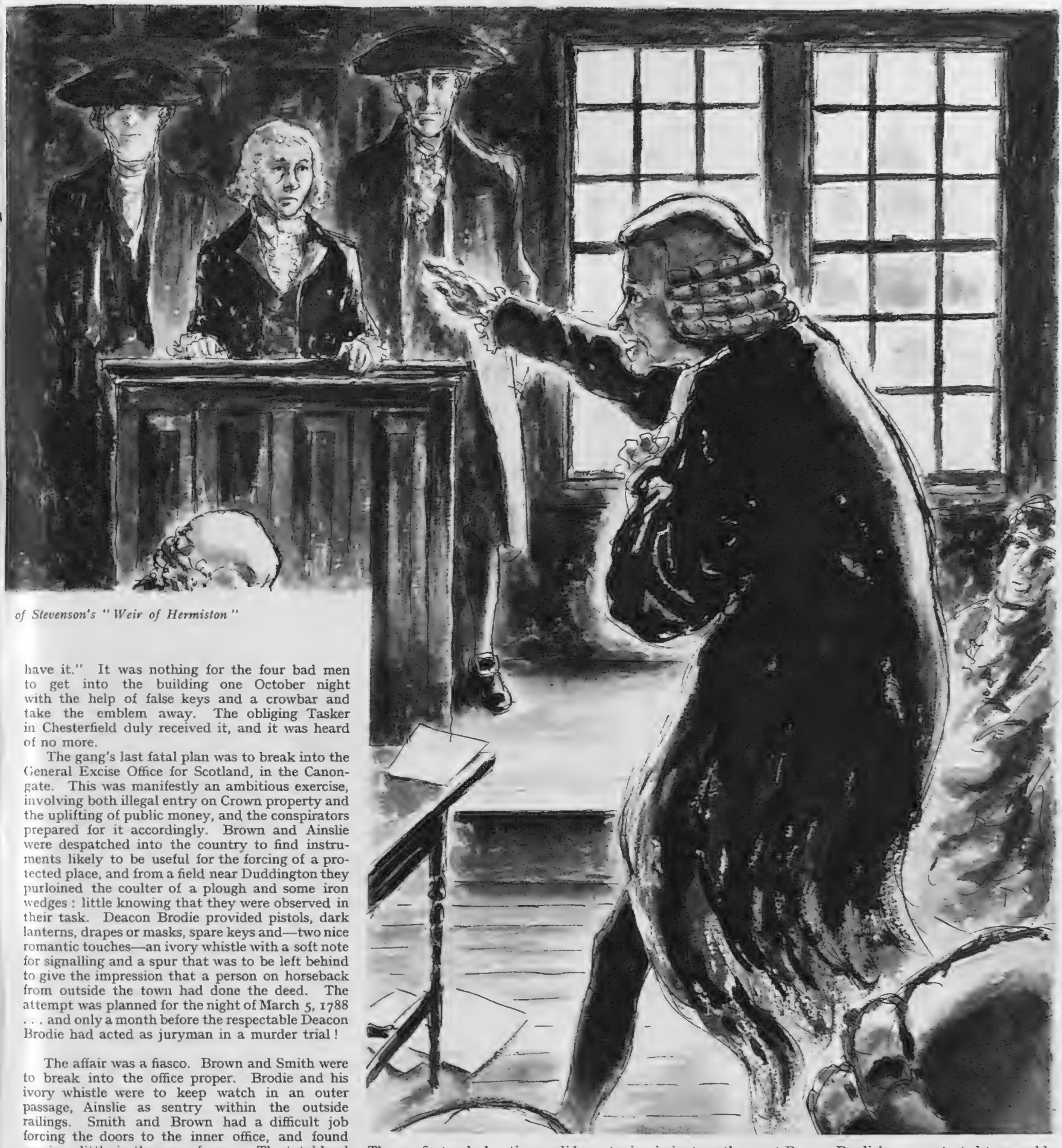
It is interesting again to stand back and see this man in the light of history, to see him as a bad lad of his period in the first place, and to appreciate how greatly his fortunes were influenced by the fact that, during the period of his knavery and that of his trial, the criminal codes of the English and Scots Law were but imperfectly integrated for police purposes. If it is not surprising that Brodie was forced by his own weaknesses to form a burglarious gang among his boon companions, it is interesting that two of them were Englishmen more or less on the run from the clutches of their native law, while the fence, or receiver, of their stolen goods in England was a Scotsman called Tasker, who had been formally banished from his native land and taken uneasy root in Chesterfield.

The least deleterious of Brodie's accomplices, but a fatal weakling in the issue, was Andrew Ainslie, described as a shoemaker in Edinburgh. A rather nastier bit of work was an Englishman, John Brown, *alias* Humphry Moore, a card-sharper and a thief who, sentenced to transportation at the Old Bailey, had gone to earth in the stews of Edinburgh. The third and most important was George Smith, a native of Berkshire, who had crossed the Border as a hawker with cart and horse, been obliged to sell his assets, and had been set up in Edinburgh, probably with Brodie's assistance, as a grocer in a somewhat equivocal way. He is said to have been trained as a locksmith in Birmingham.

As head of a firm of burglars, so to speak, Deacon Brodie was in a peculiarly advantageous position. Professionally he knew all about locks, pick-locks, property values and domestic architecture; as Edinburgh's leading contractor for joiner work he had easy entry to cribs ripe for cracking. It was the custom of the day for keys of even business premises to be left hanging in outer passages, and what was that to a wary practitioner who carried a box of putty about with him? As George Smith was to phrase it to the lawyers later on, Brodie had first approached him with the suggestion "that several things could be done in this place, if prudently managed, to great advantage, and proposed that they should lay their heads together for that purpose."

The series of burglaries by the gang started in November 1786, and the "jobs" were mainly entry into shops after business hours—a hardware merchant's, a tobacconist's, a jeweller's, a grocer's (in which the valuable haul was "350 pounds of fine black tea"), and a particularly successful raid on the premises of a firm of silk mercers. The brightest exploit was the theft of the University of Edinburgh's silver mace. This relic was kept in the college library, apparently unattended, and Brodie confided to Smith that "they must

She was boarded in the dead of night by her owners, who brought with them an aged person



of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston"

have it." It was nothing for the four bad men to get into the building one October night with the help of false keys and a crowbar and take the emblem away. The obliging Tasker in Chesterfield duly received it, and it was heard of no more.

The gang's last fatal plan was to break into the General Excise Office for Scotland, in the Canongate. This was manifestly an ambitious exercise, involving both illegal entry on Crown property and the uplifting of public money, and the conspirators prepared for it accordingly. Brown and Ainslie were despatched into the country to find instruments likely to be useful for the forcing of a protected place, and from a field near Duddington they purloined the coulter of a plough and some iron wedges : little knowing that they were observed in their task. Deacon Brodie provided pistols, dark lanterns, drapes or masks, spare keys and—two nice romantic touches—an ivory whistle with a soft note for signalling and a spur that was to be left behind to give the impression that a person on horseback from outside the town had done the deed. The attempt was planned for the night of March 5, 1788 . . . and only a month before the respectable Deacon Brodie had acted as juryman in a murder trial !

The affair was a fiasco. Brown and Smith were to break into the office proper. Brodie and his ivory whistle were to keep watch in an outer passage, Ainslie as sentry within the outside railings. Smith and Brown had a difficult job forcing the doors to the inner office, and found precious little in the way of swag. The total haul was just over £16 in cash; they missed a secret drawer under the cashier's desk containing £600. Then they were disturbed by the banging of a door and, cocking their pistols, left the building on tiptoe to find their watchdogs gone from their posts.

The intruder on the scene was the worthy James Bonar, Deputy-Solicitor of Excise, who had returned to the office for some papers he had left in his room. His innocent arrival had scared Ainslie and Brodie away, and if he had met Smith and Brown and their cocked pistols as they sneaked out of the place, a charge of art and part in murder might have been added to the ultimate indictment against the Deacon. In the upshot, the Law, scandalised by an assault on Crown property, as it had remained happily indifferent to raids on private premises, got to work in earnest; and so loud was the hue-and-cry that Brown, *alias* Moore, with so much of previous guilt hanging over his head and some hopes of being accepted as a turner of King's Evidence, saw fit to go to the authorities and tell a sensational story. The game was up. Smith and Ainslie were roped in, and Ainslie followed Brown in making such declarations as would save his skin. These first declarations did not incriminate Brodie directly. Following his undignified flight from the Excise Office, that careful citizen had returned home at nine o'clock, changed from his black into his white clothes, and proceeded to the house of his mistress, Jean Watt, there spending the night. He seems to have regarded this as a good alibi, and as such it was duly trotted out at the subsequent trial, in vain. For two or three days he posed in public as the respectable citizen, but the arrest of Smith and Ainslie on Saturday, March 8, on the information supplied by Brown, frightened him badly. Even so, he was capable of a gesture, desperate but quite admirably bold. Dressing himself in his best, with cane and cocked hat and the "particular air" frequently remarked on by his contemporaries, he walked the few paces to the Tolbooth, congratulated the officers on their detective skill, and, in his capacity of solid citizen, deacon and town councillor, asked if he might see the brace of criminals whose deeds had so excited the town.

Clearly, he hoped to persuade or bribe his confederates into keeping their mouths shut, but he was told that no member of the public could be allowed access to the prisoners. This was a heavy blow, and the great Deacon Brodie's nerves started to crumble. Early next morning, Sunday the 9th, he sent for his foreman and told him that business must take him out of town for a day or two, at the same time asking, with a nice affectation of the casual, "if there were any news about the people who had broken into the Excise ?" He was next in touch with a cousin who might look after his interests during his absence. Early that forenoon William Brodie, several times Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights, crept out of Edinburgh, a fugitive. The news of his departure moved Smith to send for the Sheriff and make a statement that fully incriminated his late friend and colleague. He could even lead the law officers to where a set of burglar's tools was hidden in the yard of Brodie's workshops.

The tale of Deacon Brodie's antics thereafter would make a grand thriller in its own right. He first lay "doggo" in London for a week, in the house of "an old female friend." Through the influence of his cousin his affairs were then taken up by a Mr. William Walker, attorney in the Adelphi, whose business was to get him a sea passage to the Continent as soon as was prudent. This was

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He Walked by Night (Concluded from previous page)

provided at midnight on Sunday, March 23, by the sloop *Endeavour* of Carron, ostensibly bound for Leith. At Blackwall she was boarded in the dead of night by her owners, who brought with them an aged person. He was introduced as Mr. John Dixon and provided with a berth "near the fire, as he was sick."

It was an extraordinary voyage. On the way down-river the *Endeavour* hit the mud at Tilbury and there lay aground for a fortnight. If that was not enough, the vessel was no sooner out in the North Sea than the mysterious Mr. Dixon handed to the master sealed orders from his owners, directing him to make for Ostend, drop the special passenger there, and only thereafter resume the long haul across to Leith. There were at least two other passengers, a tobacconist called John Geddes, and his wife, and they seem to have been astonishingly indifferent to the passage of time. In fact, the ship could not make Ostend and finally put in at Flushing, and before he left them there Mr. Dixon—actually Deacon Brodie in search of a passage to America—persuaded them to take three letters to be posted or delivered on their ultimate return to Scotland.

As it turned out, it took the complaisant Geddes three weeks after his return to Scotland to realise the nature of the business in which he had been involved, to take the letters to the Sheriff, and to claim the reward—which he did not, in fact, receive. For the authorities the rest was easy, for Brodie had hopelessly incriminated himself in these writings. Through the usual diplomatic channels he was traced from Flushing to Middelburg and from Middelburg to Amsterdam, and there he was taken, hiding in a cupboard in the alehouse in which he awaited the ship that was to carry him to the Americas and freedom. Extradition presenting no difficulty, Brodie was lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh on July 17, having been on the run for more than three months.

Deacon Brodie—a "shilpet creature"—only 5 ft. 4 ins. in height, his legs spindly within knee-breeches and fine stockings

The law moved majestically in those days, and it was August 27 before Brodie, "genteelly dressed in a new dark-blue coat, a fashionable fancy waistcoat, black satin breeches and white silk stockings, a cocked hat . . . his hair fully dressed and powdered," appeared with George Smith before the High Court of Justiciary. The Bench of five judges was presided over by the formidable Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Braxfield, the prototype of Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*; at the Bar were the most brilliant pleaders of a brilliant era of Scottish advocacy. The report of the proceedings (*Notable British Trials*—DEACON BRODIE, edited by William Roughead. (*Hodge*, 1909)) is well worth reading as illustrating the rigorous nature of Scottish criminal procedure, but there was little in it of detective interest beyond two feeble efforts to create an alibi for Brodie; the rest was in the desperate attempts of defending counsel to prevent the admission of the original declarations and Brodie's foolish letters. A Scottish jury can convict by a majority in a criminal cause; this jury, after sitting up till all hours of the morning, was unanimous in finding the prisoners Guilty, which, said Braxfield, sentencing both to death by hanging, "is pronounced for doom."

Another two months were to pass before the execution. In fact, and unlike Smith, Brodie proved a cheerful prisoner, meeting his friends and his spiritual and family advisers with aplomb. He displayed a touching and apparently sincere concern for the future welfare of Cecil, the oldest girl of his illegitimate offspring. He traced a draughts-board on the floor of his cell and could warble a stave from *The Beggar's Opera* on the eve of the hanging. He found cause to complain of the noise made by the workmen running out the beam from which he would swing. (It was part of the popular legend that, as Deacon of the Wrights, he had in fact designed and erected this grisly bit of machinery.) On the morning of the last day of his life, October 1, 1788, he petitioned the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to let his body be taken from the gaol and "decently dressed and interred." This plea was granted.

It was part of the popular legend that, as Deacon of the Wrights, Brodie in fact designed and erected this grisly bit of machinery

It duly gave rise to the strangest legend surrounding the fate of this strange man. Solemnly attended, and to the tolling of bells, William Brodie went to the gallows "in a handsome suit of black clothes . . . his hair powdered and dressed with taste." There were technical hitches at the scene of execution and some shocking delays, but on each occasion the Deacon came down from the platform of death and resumed conversation with his friends. Finally, he thrust his fingers between the buttons of his waistcoat and, with this careless flourish, stepped into eternity. Public fancy was not finished with him even then. The fact that he had petitioned for special treatment for his body and the cheerfulness of his behaviour on the scaffold, convinced many of the common folk that he had cheated the gallows after all. The most popular legend was that a French quack, Dr. Degravers, seized upon the body as soon as possible and restored some semblance of life by bleeding. It was widely held that the coffin eventually interred in the burial-ground of St. Michael's Chapel of Ease did not contain the mortal remains of a notably elusive character.

Not an attractive man, nor even a competent criminal; but one sometimes feels that Deacon Brodie had created a Beggar's Opera of his own and a principal part for himself.

THE CLOSE OF
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

In summer this lovely Cathedral Close is warm and green. Under its blanket of snow it still conveys the atmosphere of utter peacefulness. Notable among its dignified old buildings is Mompesson House, which can be seen in the centre of four buildings on the north side.

Snow in the Precincts

Winter Scenes at Salisbury and Wells

THE ANCIENT
MARKET-PLACE
OF WELLS

This is a city dominated by its Cathedral. Nowhere—least of all in this market-place with its old cross, and surrounded by imposing gateways—can one escape its ecclesiastical atmosphere. Come summer or winter, sun or snow, the aspect of this "city of waters" remains unchanged, as it has since the Middle Ages: ancient but mellowed and with a peculiar charm of its own. Like Salisbury, the buildings surrounding Wells Cathedral are a great attraction in their own right, notably the Vicar's Close and the Bishop's Palace, where the swans ring a bell when they are ready for lunch.

The Walled City

A visit to Chester by W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S., R.E.

The Rows—a world-famous architectural feature of Chester, here seen at The Cross

The Row of Bishop Lloyd's House in Watergate Street

King Charles's Tower which stands at the north-eastern angle of the Walls

Chester is the only city in England still completely encircled by its ancient walls—some two miles in extent. They were first built at the beginning of the second century A.D. and they now follow the line of the Roman fortifications on the north and east sides of the city from Morgan's Mount to the Newgate.

One of Chester's most distinctive features is The Rows, which were erected in the Middle Ages. They consist of double tiers of shops at ground- and first-floor levels, each with a footway. The upper tiers are set back and roofed by the second storeys of the buildings. Their origin has never been fully established, but the most plausible theory suggests that early medieval inhabitants built shops at street-level in front of the ruins of Roman buildings; and the first floors on top of the ruins.

Bishop Lloyd was Bishop of Chester from 1604 to 1615; his house in Watergate Street contains the finest carved timberwork in the city. On its panelled front are scenes from sacred history and many carvings of animals. It was built in the early 17th century and restored in the 19th.

King Charles's Tower was formerly called the Newton Tower, and later the Phœnix Tower, but received its present name following the tradition that from it Charles I watched the defeat of his army by the Parliamentary forces in September 1645, after the city had been besieged intermittently for two years. The Water Tower remains substantially unaltered since it was built in 1322, except for its name, which was originally the New Tower.

A bridge over the Dee is mentioned in the Domesday Book at the site of the present Old Dee Bridge. It was rebuilt towards the end of the thirteenth century; was extensively repaired between 1347 and 1351; the south end was again rebuilt in 1499 and in 1826 was widened to take a footpath.

The earliest reference to a church on the site of Chester Cathedral was in 958. In 1093, Hugh Lupus, Norman Earl of Chester, changed the foundation to an Abbey for the Benedictines and began building what is now Chester Cathedral. Henry VIII made it a cathedral; one of his few public gifts during the reorganisation of the Church of England. It has been much altered and now contains the work of nearly every century until the present. Originally built of red sandstone, most of the outside was refaced by Dean Howson in the 19th century.

Chester Cathedral and St. Werburgh Street from Eastgate Row

The early fourteenth-century Water Tower which was once surrounded by the River Dee

The Old Dee Bridge: until 1832 it was the only means of crossing the Dee at Chester

AN ICY STREAM PASSING THROUGH LACOCK, WILTSHIRE

A picturesque scene which would gladden the heart of any photographer. Appropriately enough, Lacock was the birthplace and home of Fox Talbot, one of Britain's earliest photographic pioneers, with his "magic box."

Christmas Weather

IN THE WOODY COUNTRY AROUND HASLEMERE, SURREY

It is not long after the last fall of snow, but the path to the house is already well-trodden. Overhead, the snow on the trees will remain secure until the thaw.

Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die—
Homely scenes and simple views,
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

A COTTAGE IN SQUERRIES PARK, AT WESTERHAM, KENT

Sunlight and shadow play on the newly-fallen snow. Beneath the drifts are paths and banks, fields and stiles. But all are hidden under its pure and uniform whiteness.

THE CRESTA RUN—ENGLISH STYLE

A young enthusiast takes advantage of the tracks left in the snow by vehicles at Latcham Lodge, Lacock.

Above : WINTER SCENE WITH HUNTERS
by Lucas Van Uden

Many of Van Uden's pictures show the fascination which the sky at sunset and at sunrise held for him. The artist was born at Antwerp in 1595, and had his first instruction in painting from his father, a minor landscape artist. The above picture, with its steely sky, is typical. In some of Lucas Van Uden's later works, the figures were painted by David Teniers, Regemorter and Rubens.

Winter Scenes

As painted by Dutch Artists of the 17th and 18th centuries

Below: WINTER PLEASURES
by Jan Peter Van Bredael

J. P. Van Bredael came from a family of artists and was born in 1654, one of the three sons of Pieter Van Bredael. *Winter Pleasures* is signed, and dated 1715. This colourful scene, showing a frozen river with skaters and sleigh parties, was exhibited this spring, with the picture above, at Eugene Slatter's Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street, by whose permission the paintings are reproduced.

The Beauty of Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts

by Julian Brown

THESE seven reproductions from illuminated manuscripts of the last years of the Middle Ages and the first of the Renaissance typify some of the best work done at the time in England, France, Flanders and Italy, and each of the seven books was made for a distinguished patron, among them a son of Henry IV and a daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici. In the earlier Middle Ages the finest scribes and illuminators had been monks, most often of the Benedictine Order. But by the end of the fourteenth century the great age of the monasteries had passed, and with it the plain, strong, deeply religious art which they had fostered. Its spirit still breathes in the gentle, humorous style of our English psalter, but the other six books are the work of members of secular guilds of scribes and illuminators in large, prosperous cities like Paris, Ghent and Florence, in which there was a rising middle class of merchants and professional men, not unlike our own. The mannered elegance of the two French books has never died out in Paris from their day to this. The fidelity to nature and love of simple pleasures to be seen in the two Flemish books are a distant echo of the landscapes and dances and boating-parties of the Impressionists. The sophisticated, decorative antiquarianism of the Italian Book of Hours points back to Rome much as Rex Whistler's paintings point back to the eighteenth century.

Our four groups of miniatures differ widely in date and style, and no two subjects are the same; they therefore convey an exaggerated impression of the variety of medieval art. Even so, five of the seven pages are from prayer-books, in all of which, if we could turn the leaves, we should find at least a Nativity and Crucifixion. A large exhibition of illuminations makes a strong impression of

(*Continued on page* 31)

FRENCH

c. 1420

THE NATIVITY, from a Book of Hours made in Paris about 1420. The Virgin kneels before the Child, who is supported by Cherubim, as is God the Father, who appears in the sky above. St. Joseph has just caught sight of His reflection in the water of the well. Medieval Cherubim were almost invariably red. The comfortable bed is a typical late-Gothic refinement. (*BM Add. MS* 32454, *f.* 29.) The original miniature —from which the reproduction is enlarged—is 3¾ inches wide by 4¾ inches deep.

DANCING IN A WALLED GARDEN, from a manuscript illuminated about 1500 by a Flemish artist for Engelbert of Nassau, Lieutenant of the Realm to Philip the Fair of Burgundy. It contains the " Romance of the Rose ", a French allegory of Love in verse—begun by Guillaume de Lorris about 1240 as an exposition of the chivalrous ideals of *l'amour courtois* and completed about 1280, in a rather cynical spirit, by Jean de Meung. In the miniature, the Lover (on the left, leaning on his cane), who has by now been admitted to the garden in which he is destined to find, after innumerable vicissitudes, the Rose for which he is searching, watches pairs of dancers—Pleasure and Joy; Love, duly winged, and Beauty; and so on—dancing the *carole*, while a woman standing in the middle sings, and three unkempt musicians play on the harp, recorder and pipe and tabor. (*BM Harley MS* 4425, *f.* 14b.) The original is 10 inches wide by 13¾ inches deep.

FLEMISH

c. 1500

The Beauty of Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts

ITALIAN: Early 16th Century

KING DAVID

On left:
KING DAVID, from a Book of Hours made in Florence for Laudomia de' Medici, daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Francesco Salviati, whom she married in 1502. The border consists of floral ornament, with *amorini*, satyrs and cameos inspired partly by Roman gems and partly by the Roman wall-paintings which had been rediscovered in Rome itself during the previous decade—the style was called "grotesque", because the buried ruins in which the paintings were found resembled caves (*grotte*)—with three of the emblems used by the owners, a cresset, entwined plants and a pot over a fire. In the miniature, David, his harp and crown laid aside, kneels in penitence in a typical Italian landscape. The vignette below contains a battle between Tritons. (*BM Yates Thompson MS.* 30, *f* 66b.) The original is 4 inches wide by 6 inches deep.

On right:
THE TOWER OF BABEL, from the Bedford Book of Hours, made in a Paris workshop for John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, after his marriage in 1423 to Anne of Burgundy. The Tower is being commended by one of its promoters to some doubtful onlookers, while masons mix mortar, unload a camel, dress stones and work the cranes. It is so high that only the men working at the top have noticed that Angels with sledge-hammers are already attacking it. Anne gave this exceptionally rich book—it has 40 large miniatures and full borders, each with two vignettes, on all but a dozen of its 578 pages—to Henry VI at Rouen on Christmas Eve, 1430. It was left in France, where it was owned in the sixteenth century by Henry II and Catherine de Médicis, and may have been brought to England by Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. (*BM Add. MS.* 18850, *f.* 17b.) The original measures 5¾ inches wide by 8 inches deep.

FRENCH: Early 15th Century THE TOWER OF BABEL

The Beauty of Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts

On left:

A PAGE OF A PSALTER AND HOURS illuminated, perhaps by an East Anglian artist, for Humfrey de Bohun, 7th Earl of Hereford (d. 1373), and his daughter Mary (d. 1394), first wife of Henry IV. The upper scenes in the large initial *D*, which opens one of the services in the Hours of the Virgin, illustrate the parable of the great supper: the servant reports the guests' excuses and the poor and sick are compelled to come in. Below on the left Christ, while "eating with sinners", tells the parable of the lost sheep; on the right he begins the parable of the prodigal son ("a certain man had two sons"), which is continued, with the prodigal's departure from home, in the small initial *L* below. To the left of the large initial a bishop gives his blessing between two vignettes of the sixth-century miracle of Theophilus; above, Theophilus, the deposed treasurer of a church in Cilicia, signs a compact with the Devil, and, below, he gets it back from the Virgin, who has beaten the Devil off with a birch. The leaf-man, at the bottom of the border, was a common decoration for roof-bosses in Gothic architecture and this one has a near relation on a roof-boss in the cloisters of Norwich Cathedral. (*BM Egerton MS* 3277, *f.* 126b.) The page is slightly reduced in size, the original being 9 inches wide by 13½ inches deep.

ENGLISH: 14th Century PAGE FROM A BOOK OF HOURS

FLEMISH: *c.* 1500

SAINT GEORGE, from an Hours made in Flanders about 1500, perhaps for Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV and widow of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The Saint now has the dragon, whose head promises canine devotion, safely on a lead, which he holds out towards the little princess and her pet goat. In the Flemish landscape is an island-town approached by a bridge with towers: people are watching from the windows of the palace. The Latin hymn to the Saint on the right-hand page has a border of conventional branches bearing real flowers, with butterflies. The artist may have been Simon Marmion. (*BM Add. MS* 38126, *ff* 139b, 140.) The reproduction is facsimile size.

Illuminated Manuscripts (Continued from page 26)

sar eness. At the British Museum 73 of the 98 pages permanently exhibited are from Bi les, prayer-books and so forth; the other 25 are from volumes of all the other branches of literature—chronicles, poetry, science and the like. Illumination was only a minor art—often exquisite but seldom original—and the relationship between, say, our French and Flemish miniatures and the sculptures of the French cathedrals and the panel-paintings of Van Eyck and Van der Weyden is like the relationship between the drawings on Greek vases and the Elgin Marbles: miniature reflections, safely preserved on the indestructible clay of the vases or the all but indestructible vellum pages of the books—the former in the soil and the latter in the almost equally dry and peaceful libraries of Europe—of greater works which have often perished from exposure to war, weather and changes in taste.

In all the art of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance the same subjects were constantly repeated. The men and women of the time were perhaps fonder of looking at pictures than we are, since fewer pictures came their way and even the minority who could read had far fewer books than we have. The sculptures and paintings in the churches, mostly scenes from the Bible and the lives of the Saints, with a few simple stories like the Fables of Aesop, fed their piety and yielded knowledge as well as pleasure. We shun repetition, but in a simpler age to renew acquaintance with what was known and loved was itself a pleasure; which is why children hate changes in their bedtime stories. Affection for the familiar was present in even the most sophisticated medieval minds and was reinforced by respect for the Church. Not only was she God's Church, but until the Renaissance she held a virtual monopoly of what remained of Greek and Roman culture. Often using elements from pagan art—some medieval "portraits" of the Evangelists, for instance, derive from a pagan portrait of Virgil known to us from a copy in a fifth-century manuscript of his works now in the Vatican Library—the Church established a Christian pictorial tradition, which she preserved for its utility in the care of souls. A "Christ in Majesty" inspired reverence; "St. Martin dividing his cloak with the Beggar" encouraged charity; and a good "Last Judgement" might well deter an intending sinner. Religious art grew in richness and complexity to match the splendid annual cycle of worship and ritual which was the centre of the Church's life, and any advance in technique or style made by the artists was eagerly patronised by the Bishops and Princes, who were often the most educated and progressive men of their day. Giotto's new, more naturalistic style of painting, evolved in Florence about 1300, brought him commissions all over Italy from Padua to Naples, and within a generation of his death an English illuminator had studied his work in Italy and drawn in his plain, vivid way a set of illustrations to Genesis, now in the British Museum. Under the Roman Church—and in spite of the Renaissance and the rise of Protestantism her influence was virtually supreme, except perhaps in a few Italian cities, as long as manuscripts were still made—art served religion and though style was free enough, subjects were Sacred.

The repertoire of secular illumination was hardly less limited and its purpose equally practical; the pictures in Bestiaries and Herbals were aids to the recognition of the animals and plants described; in Chronicles and Romances they were to help the reader to visualise events in history and fiction. Sensuous beauty for its own sake entered painting late in the Italian Renaissance, and of the few illuminators who came after Titian, Corregio and Raphael only one, Giulio Clovio, made full use of their discoveries.

The foundation of a manuscript book was the scribe's work in copying the text. The Benedictine scribe of the early Middle Ages was under rigid discipline; even if he found a mistake in the text to be copied, he was forbidden to correct it, in case he himself erred and so made it harder than ever for the reader, who might be a better scholar than he was, to get back to what the author had originally written. Textual accuracy demanded clear and therefore beautiful handwriting and in the monastic period the beauty of a book's decoration came second to the beauty of the script and its arrangement on the page. Full-page miniatures and miniatures in a column of the text existed from classical times, but most medieval decoration grew slowly out of the script itself. The initial letters of books, chapters or sentences were first enlarged; then painted in plain colours; then filled with ornament, in which animals, birds and at last men began to climb about, fight with each other, and eventually enact, as best they could in a forest of branches or a maze of spirals, scenes from the written text. In the last phase, as in our English psalter, the patterns were cleared away from the inside of the initials, leaving room for one or more miniatures, and the extremities of the initials threw

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SHOOTING PARTY IN THE HIGHLANDS, by WILLIAM SIMPSON

Scottish Genre

Scenes north of the Border, by Sir David Wilkie and W. Simpson

William Simpson was born in Glasgow in 1832. He began his artistic career by painting water-colours in his spare time while working for a lithographic printer. In 1854, he became the first war artist when he visited the Crimea. He painted a picture of Balaclava for Queen Victoria and later fulfilled many Royal commissions. *Shooting Party in the Highlands* is reproduced by permission of M. Bernard, of Ryder Street, St. James's. *Grace Before Meat* was first exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1839, and was acquired this year by the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, by whose permission we reproduce it. Since 1839, the painting has travelled to New Orleans (after its purchase for 400 guineas by an American, Mr. Glendy Burke) where all trace of it was lost for many years until its appearance at an auction sale in Scotland.

Below: GRACE BEFORE MEAT, by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

BOZ REVIEWS HIS PROSPECTIVE MINISTERS.

From left to right are: Little Nell (The Old Curiosity Shop); Uriah Heep (David Copperfield); Squeers (Nicholas Nickleby); Mrs. Jellyby (Bleak House); Miss Betsy Trotwood and Micawber (David Copperfield); Oliver Twist; Mr. Pickwick; the young Nicholas Nickleby; and Sam Weller (The Pickwick Papers)

Charles Dickens Chooses a Cabinet

W. Macqueen-Pope Suggests a Christmas Diversion for the Dickens Lover and Gives Here His Own Solution

MANY people assert, and with very good reason, that Charles Dickens was the inventor of the Spirit of Christmas as we know it now. That great man accomplished many things and did infinite good to humanity. His work is a national heritage, and all the millions who read his books and derive from them comfort, joy, thrill, tears and the supreme gift of laughter, are his legatees. The Dickens Fellowship exists to keep his memory bright and shining, but theirs is an easy task. Dickens is, and always has been, a best-seller.

He is known in many capacities—as journalist, editor, playwright, actor (although amateur, it is true, but he had his own private theatre), as novelist, and as an outstanding reformer. He knew humanity inside out—and the characters in his books are so real that they live to-day—one still sees their counterparts, although the world has changed so very much since he lit it with his genius.

MR. PODSNAP
(Foreign Secretary)

There is one capacity, however, in which he has never been regarded. And that is as Prime Minister of this country. But what a Prime Minister he would have made. That man's grasp of human affairs, his knowledge of the world, his foresight, his determination to put wrong right and to stop oppression, would have placed him beside the great Prime Ministers of all time.

He had every qualification. He knew all about Parliament at first hand: he had served his time there as a reporter. He knew all about Members of Parliament and he pictured them in his books. He had not a high opinion of them, as Dickensians know well. He knew all about the parliamentary procedure of his day and how elections were run—Eatanswill and Veneering's return for Pocket-Breaches are classic instances—he knew all about voters, too—as witness the landlord in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who always voted for the "Gentlemanly Party"—he did not know which it was, but he voted as told. He knew all about the Civil Service and left a record of the Circumlocution Office which nobody has ever bettered.

He had the knowledge for the post and he had the right attributes. He was not content with things as they are—he saw them as they should be. In his day he exposed the scandal of legal procedure and the treatment of the poor. To-day he might, and probably would, have championed the cause of the Middle Classes—the present poor—and how they could do with a champion! What a champion he would have made for them—he was a middle-class man himself. He had tremendous energy, nothing could stop him when he had chosen his path. He got things done. He would have quickly dealt with that phrase which is to-day choking this land—"I could not care less"—for Charles Dickens could not care more.

Let it be supposed, therefore, that he finds himself called upon to take over the reins of government and choose a Cabinet. Leave party politics out of it, for it is difficult to-day to say which of the two great parties he would have supported. He would have been a party in himself, and it is probable he would not have looked for his Cabinet among the ranks of politicians, but among the people he knew so well, whom he had himself created. He could trust them—he had made them. He would have gone to his own books and chosen his Cabinet therefrom.

And on whom would his choice have fallen? There are bound to be differences, for every Dickensian has his pet characters and his reason. So let the writer of this article, a life-long Dickensian, make his selection and let readers join in the game by making their own choice, either in opposition or in support. It is a surprisingly intriguing pastime for Dickens' season of Christmas.

JACK BUNSBY
(First Lord of the Admiralty)

Supposing Dickens is Prime Minister, he would have to fill, first and foremost, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. About this, surely, there can be no doubt. It would have been Mr. Wilkins Micawber. He would be the ideal choice. He possessed every qualification for the job. His knowledge of the intricacies of finance was complete. He stated it clearly. "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and sixpence, result misery." Does any Chancellor need to know more? Was there ever more need than to-day for a man possessed of that supreme knowledge and able to put it into practice? That Mr. Micawber did not do so in his own personal affairs is all the more reason for his selection. Did any Chancellor ever keep any rule or promise he made?

Mr. Micawber had another great quality, too. He was never defeated. He had always the sublime belief that something would turn up. That same belief sustains every Chancellor of the Exchequer. Imagine Micawber laying his Budget before the House of Commons. Picture him standing behind the Dispatch Box, better dressed, of course, than he was when David Copperfield first met him, but in just the same style. He would wear a brown surtout over his stoutish figure and a most imposing shirt-collar—he managed to do that when under the greatest adversity. His quizzing-glass would hang before him, and although he seldom looked through it and could see nothing when he did, he would have used it with great effect if any misguided miscreant of the Opposition had dared to dispute his figures. That condescending roll in the voice and the indescribable air of doing something genteel, coupled with his habit of settling his chin in his capacious collar, would have carried the utmost conviction. His insatiable appetite for letter-writing and his style therein, would

(Continued on following page)

Waiting to be greeted by the Exchequer) ; Sam Weller

CHARLES DICKENS RECEIVES HIS MINISTERS

(*Continued from previous page*)

have made him absolute master of that precious Governmental possession—The Minute. How he would have enjoyed penning or dictating them. And his written answers to any questions would have been done in the proper parliamentary vein. There is an example of this sort of phraseology in his indictment of Uriah Heep. "I entered on a not unlaborious task of clandestine investigation, protracted now to the best of my knowledge, information and belief over a period exceeding twelve calendar months." We have Dickens' word for it that Micawber read this as if it were a passage from an Act of Parliament, and that it appeared to refresh him. His whole style and demeanour would indeed have carried any Budget he had presented, not only without opposition, but with general acclamation. What a pity a Chancellery of the Exchequer never turned up for Micawber!

To whom should that portfolio of primary importance—Foreign Affairs—be handed? Again there is a certainty—Mr. Podsnap. There was a man who had a complete understanding of his country's greatness and power, and how well he understood the way to deal with benighted foreigners. He tolerated them as something which had got into the scheme of things and could not be removed; he pitied them a little perhaps, because they had not the good fortune to be British, but he stood no nonsense. There is an example of how Mr. Podsnap would have carried out his duties in that chapter of *Our Mutual Friend*, in which he and Mrs. Podsnap gave a small party for their daughter Georgiana, the embodiment of the Young Person for whom Mr. Podsnap had such care. There was a foreign gentlemen among the guests whom Mr. Podsnap himself had invited, after much mental stress, because he believed that all foreigners were leagued against that British institution, the Young Person. He treated that foreigner rather as if he were a deaf child. He brought himself down to the alien's level. He introduced his wife as "Madame Podsnap"—and his daughter as "Mademoiselle Podsnap," to make it all clear. He almost added "*ma fille*," but checked himself, as it might be carrying tolerance too far.

MR. DOMBEY
(*President of the Board of Trade*)

It showed that Mr. Podsnap had an unusual qualification for a Foreign Minister, inasmuch as he actually knew something of a foreign tongue. To make the foreign gentleman feel quite at his ease, he kept correcting his pronunciation of English words—more in pity than in anger. But he showed that there was no necessity for an interpreter. As soon as he could he got the conversation round to the very subject which would make the foreigner conscious of his inferiority. He got it round to the British Constitution. There was a slight hitch, owing to the visitor's incomplete knowledge of what Mr. Podsnap described as a "difficult language." "'Ours is a Copious language and trying to strangers. I will not pursue my question. . . . It merely referred to our Constitution, Sir. We Englishmen are Very Proud of our Constitution. It was Bestowed Upon Us by Providence. No other country is so favoured as this Country.' 'And ozer countries . . .' the foreigner was beginning, when Mr. Podsnap took him up. 'We do not say Ozer. We say Other. The letters are T and H. You say Tay and Aish, you know. The sound is "th"—"th."' 'And other countries,' said the foreign gentleman, 'They do how?' 'They do, Sir,' returned Mr. Podsnap, gravely shaking his head, 'they do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—*as* they do!' 'It was a little particular of Providence,' said the foreign gentleman, laughing, 'for the frontier is not large.'

"'Undoubtedly,' assented Mr. Podsnap. 'But So It Is. It was the Charter of The Land. This Island is Blest, Sir, to the Direct Exclusion of such other Countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen present I would say . . . that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a Young Person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth.' Having delivered this little summary, Mr. Podsnap's face flushed, as he thought of the remote possibility of its being at all qualified by any prejudiced citizen of any other country, and, with his favourite right-arm flourish, he put the rest of Europe and the whole of Asia, Africa and America nowhere."

Illustrations by

their Premier are Mr. Pickwick (Home Secretary); Mrs. Jellyby (Colonial Secretary); Mr. Micawber (Chancellor of the (Postmaster-General); Mr. Justice Stareleigh (Lord Chancellor); Betsy Trotwood (Minister for War); Mr. Squeers (Minister of Education); and Lord Decimus Barnacle (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster).

Just imagine the feelings of the chosen diplomats of the Kremlin on being faced with a man holding those sincere beliefs. They would be utterly defeated at their own game and probably driven by panic into saying "Yes." Podsnap would be just the Foreign Secretary for whom this country has been looking.

And in view of the world situation to-day, Dickens would have to exercise care in his selection of a Minister for War. He would, it is highly probable, have chosen, for the first time in history, a woman—Betsy Trotwood. For she was always ready for warfare, never wholly at peace. She believed in action and her own appearance would have been a warning to her country's enemies. She "seldom conducted herself like an ordinary Christian," and that alone would have given the foemen pause. She never hesitated, she never paused. She was always mistress of the situation. Her great claim to the post is her skill in actual warfare and her relentless method of waging it.

DR. JOBLING
(*Minister of Health*)

She kept inviolate that little green strip before her cliff-top garden, although she had no vestige of proof that it actually belonged to her. Thus are empires made and kept. She was always ready for any emergency, and was her own raid syren. Up went the cry "Janet, Donkeys," and the battle was joined. Jugs of water and filled watering-cans were kept in secret places, ready for instant discharge. Sticks were handy behind doors, sorties were made at all hours and incessant war prevailed. She entered into personal combat and she always won. Miss Trotwood could have held the double position—War and Defence.

From war to the Admiralty. There are two obvious choices here, Captain Cuttle and his friend Jack Bunsby. But had Cuttle been selected he would have immediately retired in favour of the immortal Jack. For Bunsby had exactly the right sort of mind for a Cabinet post. His methods of dealing with awkward inquiries at Question Time would have made him supreme in any Parliament. How he would have fogged and bewildered the Opposition and impressed his colleagues. He was of remarkable appearance, as a reference to *Dombey and Son* will prove, and he had one fixed eye and one which revolved, in itself a useful Ministerial gift. Just one example of his wisdom, for everyone must know Jack Bunsby. He is asked what he considers has happened to the ill-fated ship which carried Walter Gay, and this is his reply, delivered after an impressive pause. "My name 's Jack Bunsby . . . and what I says I stand by. Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then. . . . Do I believe that this here Son and Heir 's gone down, my lads? Maybe. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sen' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what 's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it. That ain't no part of my duty. Awast then, keep a bright look-out for'rard and good luck to you."

Bunsby's touch of greatness was his habit of leaving off at just the right moment and saying no more—a gift not common to all Cabinet Ministers, but invaluable in the representative of the Silent Service.

The Board of Trade obviously belongs to that merchant prince Mr. Dombey, who perpetually attended committee meetings. One day he had one at 3 p.m., and one at three, three-quarters. And he did not forget about them.

Who would be better at the Colonial Office than Mrs. Jellyby, of *Bleak House*. Her complete and utter devotion to the inhabitants of Borrioboola-Ga made her neglect her family and drove her husband into bankruptcy. No fear of Colonies being under-developed with Mrs. Jellyby in charge, especially in the matter of moral pocket handkerchiefs.

There is some contention in the matter of the Ministry of Health, for Dickens presents many doctors. The final choice lies between Dr. Parker Peps, of the perfect bedside manner and the loud-ticking watch, and Dr. Jobling—who was M.R.C.S.—to be met with in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. He was medical officer to the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company. His method of advising his patients to join it, while disclaiming any knowledge of its solvency, was a masterpiece of diplomacy. He was very popular among people of position. He had a

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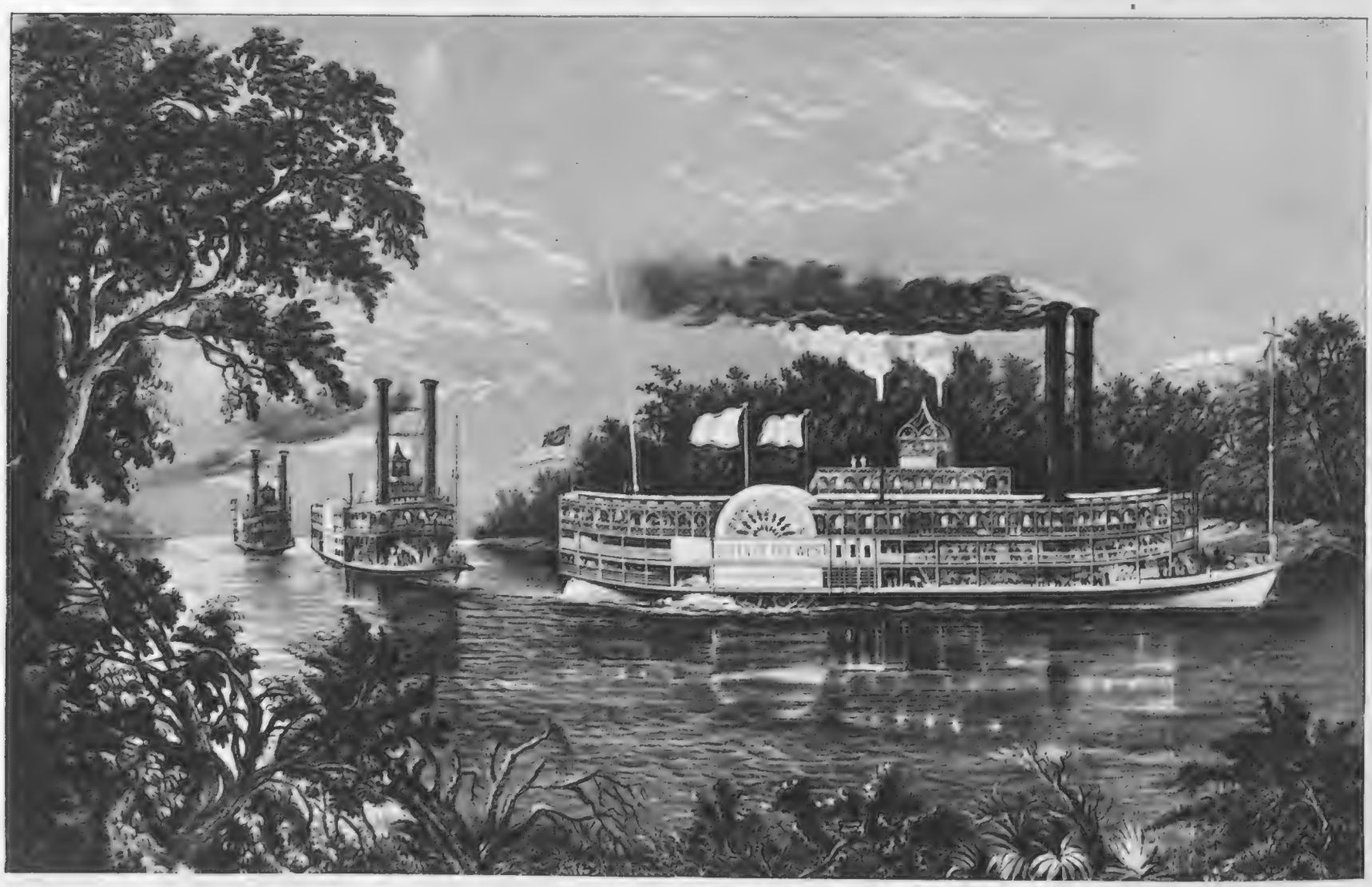
J. S. Goodall

"Low Water" in the Mississippi—Currier & Ives, 1868

Way Down Upon the Mississippi

As pictured by Currier & Ives, "Printmakers to the American People"

Currier & Ives prints are now collectors' pieces worth thousands of dollars. When they were produced in the mid-nineteenth century, they sold for 5 cents to 3 dollars. It was because they were so cheap and so numerous that their owners placed little value on them; destroyed them when fashions in popular art changed, so that many originals are now extremely rare. It was the invention of the lithographic process and Nathaniel Currier's apprenticeship in 1828 to the first American firm to use the new method of printing, which was eventually to give America its first popular "art for the masses." The great range of prints—well over 7,000—illustrate every aspect of life in the rapidly-growing nation, and have become an invaluable historical record of the years between 1835 and 1907. All the colouring on Currier & Ives prints was done by hand. A colour guide print was set up and trained girl colourists copied it. But when there was a great demand for a print, mass-production methods were used; stencils were cut for each colour and untrained temporary staff did the work. The popularity of the prints was only checked when the improvement of printing in colour made the process available for reproductions in magazines; and the invention of photography brought a new means of recording the current scene.



"Rounding a Bend" on the Mississippi—Currier & Ives, 1866

The Merry Gentlemen

Strange Happenings in a City Church on Christmas Eve

By Gwen Clear

IF you were to walk from the middle of Fleet Street to the top of Ludgate Hill and ask twenty people to direct you to the ancient church of St. Ippolyt, I doubt if one of them could do it. An old clerk of the choir-singing type, if he happened to be among them, would in all likelihood know its name—might even have raised a reedy treble there in the days of his youth ; but he would probably be under the impression that St. Ippolyt's, like so many other City churches, had been lost or reduced to a battered shell in the time of the great bombing.

Even the potman at the Duck and Drake, who slips in from the back alley whenever he is a few minutes late, would not be certain that that was the name of the building he passes so often. The cracked black board has absorbed most of the lettering, and he hasn't looked at it for thirty years, anyway.

But the church is there, where it always was, wedged between two blank walls and the back of a warehouse. It is so near the beaten track that when you open the south door the roar of traffic is still in your ears ; but as the hasp falls into place you meet with a silence so absolute as to be almost tangible.

I went there first with my old friend Humphrey Passingham, who has gone, I hope, to some architects' heaven where he has been able to raise one or two knotty little points with his great Sir Christopher. But St. Ippolyt's is not one of Wren's churches : it was rebuilt by a pupil of his, some thirty years after the Fire. There were at least two earlier structures, and the unusual dedication suggests a story older than we know.

Humphrey told me a lot about it, but I remember only what I myself saw and felt : light drifting from clear windows into the dusk of old panelling ; Corinthian columns ; an austerely beautiful altar glimmering beyond a massive screen. And everywhere a peace that seemed not so much old as eternal ; something that would remain if the building itself were to disintegrate, leaving nothing but beaten earth under the pure vault of the sky.

I never forgot that place, but I did forget the way to it ; and a lot of water ran under the bridge before chance—if it was chance—sent me back.

A year or two ago, one day in Christmas week, I was in the City and found myself crossing an alley that seemed suddenly familiar. St. Paul's, not very far away, had just boomed One, and scores of people were hurrying up to the Churchyard to crowd as much shopping as they could into the lunch-hour. I ought to have been doing the same—I still had things to get ; but something drew me down the twisting lane to the silent church of St. Ippolyt.

Nothing, I thought at first, had changed. There was a little more dust about, and it was very cold, but the same air of brooding peace hung over everything. Yet as I sat there I seemed aware of a new undertone ; a loneliness ; as though the spirit of the place, so long content to bless and be forgotten, sighed for the presence of those who had bathed in its serenity, risen refreshed, and gone without return.

I was not the only one who felt the loneliness of St. Ippolyt's on that bright December day. Footsteps, light but insistent, sounded on the flags. Selfishly, I hoped that whoever it was would pass on, but when the footfalls ceased I knew, without turning my head, that there at the end of the dark pew someone was waiting. There was a force there, and I had to look up.

I don't know what I expected, but it was only a mild-faced verger watching me out of the corner of a hopeful blue eye. He was old, and gentle, and so obviously tired of his own company that it would have been churlish of me to have ignored him. So when he spoke to me, as he soon did, I got up and joined him, and we exchanged a remark or two about the tablets on the south wall.

" . . . but something drew me down the twisting lane to the silent church of St. Ippolyt."

He didn't say much ; neither did I. The solitude of the pews was nearer my mood, but I couldn't say so, and after a few minutes I followed him meekly into the little dark room that he was so sure would interest me.

There was a fine old table there, and two lead coffers with the figures " *1703* " elegantly engraved on them. For the rest, it was almost laughably prosaic. A gas-fire, with half its burners out of order, popped and hissed and threw off satanic fumes. On a ring above it, milk was being heated in a small saucepan. A mug and an opened packet of sandwiches were on the table, and near them lay a large handwritten poster, some of the ink on it not yet dry.

" You ought to come to our carol service," said the verger. " It 's on Sunday night at half-past eight—we just have the candles. You 'd enjoy it."

(Concluded on following pages)

The Merry Gentlemen

(*Concluded from previous page*)

"Don't you think you ought to take that milk off?" I asked. "It 's nearly boiling."

He drew the saucepan vaguely to one side, but did not turn down the gas. "You see—" he said, spreading out the poster, "that 's what I 've been doing. Lettering 's quite an art, you know."

"Yes, I do know," I answered. "Some of the men in our studio wouldn't be ashamed of this."

The old man smiled. "I wish you 'd tell our choirmaster that. He says it 's yeeoldy."

"Well," I said, "so are carols."

"Some are and some aren't," replied my friend cryptically. "But we 're only having the old ones this year. Now you are coming, aren't you?"

"Oh—the milk!" I exclaimed. "Do look out!"

Volcanic heavings from the saucepan at last brought him to earth, but he was too late. It boiled over as he picked it up, and a glorious smell of burnt milk and escaping gas filled the little room. "Bring your harps and bring your odours" I thought, as he stood there, gazing at his poster with an expression quite saintly, while what remained of the milk threatened to tip out of the saucepan at any minute.

"Yes," he said, "red capitals are right for carols. You must come. Would you like a little milk? I have another cup."

I told him hastily that I must get back to the office, and that I really could not go to the carol service.

The old man looked at me with those faded blue eyes. "There were only fifteen people there last year," he said.

This was too much. It was like being bullied by a butterfly. I knew that I should give way if I stayed there any longer, so I beat a hasty retreat, promising at least to think about it and come if I could.

Sunday fell on Christmas Eve that year, and I had a long-standing arrangement to spend it at Chislehurst with my brother and sister-in-law, as they were going to be away for Christmas Day and Boxing Day. I slept there on the Saturday night and could have done so on Sunday, but I wanted to get back and I knew that they would have plenty to do if they were to get themselves, two excited children and any amount of Christmas presents and other paraphernalia packed into the car and off by nine in the morning.

So on Sunday evening, after a pleasant day, I caught an early train and got back to London Bridge just after eight. I felt cold and sleepy, and very glad that I had made no rash promise to go to St. Ippolyt's. Home and a hot bath were the thoughts uppermost in my mind as I gave up my ticket and walked out into the Approach.

Few things surprise me nowadays: I am old enough to know that life is very odd; but I must confess that I was surprised to run into that old verger, standing there on the kerb for all the world as though he were waiting for me.

On right: "*I was not the only one who felt the loneliness of St. Ippolyt's on that bright December day.*"

"*. . . I must confess that I was surprised to run into that old verger, standing there on the kerb for all the world as though he were waiting for me.*"

"Oh, there you are," he said. "You 're in nice time. There 's an 18 bus going off in a minute."

I had to get an 18 in any case, so I thought there was no need to start an argument. Moreover, I was a little worried about the old man. He looked pale and excited, and he certainly ought not to have been walking about on a December night wearing nothing warmer than a cassock.

"Where 's your overcoat?" I asked, as we crossed to the bus-stop. "You 'll catch your death of cold."

"Impossible," he said, with a wave of his hand.

"Really," I thought to myself, "elderly people are trying." Aloud, I said (I hope not uncivilly): "Are you getting into this bus, or are you going to round up the other fifteen?"

"No need for that," he answered, pushing his blue fingers into the sleeves of his gown. "They 'll come without being reminded. But I 've got a few others."

The bus started to move as I got on, and there was no time to say any more. But he looked so radiant, standing there in the cold wind, with his grey hair blowing back and the cassock flapping round his ankles, that I simply hadn't the heart to disappoint him; and when the bus had wound its way up from the river into the clear spaces round St. Paul's, I submitted to fate and got out.

Approaching St. Ippolyt's from a new direction, I was again not sure of the way, and it was a little late when I got there. Music was already sounding from the organ, and, stealing on tip-toe into the candle-pricked darkness, I had my second shock of the evening, for the place was packed.

Now, St. Ippolyt's is a small church, and no doubt the number of people there was not very great; but all the pews were full. There were some old ladies—probably the faithful fifteen—in those at the front; the rest were occupied, as far as I could see, by men. And great, hearty men they were, too, with straight backs and broad shoulders, and fine old English features rarefied by the candlelight.

I couldn't see much of them but their faces; their forms were all muffled up in coats that looked vaguely old-fashioned even in that dim light; but here and there I caught a glimpse of the kind of clothes that one associates with Lord Mayor's Day, and I could almost have sworn that some of their heads were powdered. It puzzled me at first, but I thought afterwards that they might belong to some old guild or company that had turned out in full fig for the occasion. Ancient practice dies hard in the City of London; one never knows what one may run across, even now.

Well, they were a jovial lot, whoever they were. And what a service it was! The choir had most of the candles; but their harmonies were drowned in a tempest of unison singing that swept to the roof as though it were seeking the stars. For the merry gentlemen knew all the tunes and all the words; English or Latin, it was the same to them. And they sang as Christians should: with joy and power and faith in their coming King.

There was only one carol that puzzled them. It was "I Sing of a Maiden." One or two of them seemed to know the verses, but the tune was beyond them, so the choir of St. Ippolyt's had it to themselves. When it was over, I heard a scholarly-looking man behind me say to his neighbour, "A sweet air, William, a sweet air. But I never heard those verses put to a tune before."

". . . they seemed to melt from the church steps like snow."

Illustrations by Millar Watt

I saw my old verger once, flitting between two columns with an expression that can only be described as beatific. Deliberately or not, he had got me there on false pretences, but I could feel no resentment, for the muffled men were at it again, and one could almost believe that the carved cherubs on the screen were singing with them.

The hour went like a dream, but it was no dream, because towards the end of it one of the coughing old ladies drifted out on a strong wave of paregoric, and if there is any smell more convincingly mundane than that, I have yet to come across it.

I left as soon as the service was over, but the pumps and buckles and all-enveloping topcoats were in the porch before me, and they and their wearers, whose features were now almost lost in the darkness, seemed to melt from the church steps like snow. For such heavy men they moved remarkably quickly, and the only straggler finally made off in such a rush that he did not notice the coin that fell out of one of his pockets.

Idly, as one does, I picked it up. It had rolled from the church steps into the lamplight of the alley, and as it lay in my palm the inscription, unnaturally clear, caught my eye. "*Anna Dei Gratia*," I read; and, on the other side, equally clearly: "*1703*."

Well, I suppose anyone may own and drop a Queen Anne farthing, but the feeling it gave me was eerie beyond description and stayed with me all over Christmas. Back at work on Tuesday, I determined to think no more about St. Ippolyt's, and almost succeeded until the following Saturday, when, by force of habit, I dropped in at the library to look at three or four reviews that I like to glance at when I have the time. None of them were in their usual places; but I kept coming across first one and then another of the Church papers, and at last, succumbing to curiosity and the memory of that glorious singing, I opened one of them to see if there were any accounts of City carol services.

At first I drew a blank. There was nothing under that heading, and I was about to shut the paper up in its case when the words "St. Ippolyt's"—leaping out of a column as familiar words will—drew my eye to a small paragraph at the bottom of the last page.

> "*We regret to record* [it ran] *the death of Mr. Thomas Lightbody, for twenty-seven years verger of St. Ippolyt's, Lost Lane, who collapsed and died on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. Among his other activities, Mr. Lightbody had taken a keen interest in the recently revived carol service at St. Ippolyt's, and several correspondents express regret that he did not live to be present at this year's service, which took place on Christmas Eve, only a few hours after his death, and was unusually well attended.*"

I left the library quickly, and took a long, steadying walk in the fresh air. I don't think much about it now; but I have sometimes wondered if the faithful fifteen noticed anything unusual about the merry gentlemen, or saw Mr. Thomas Lightbody in his airy passage between those heaven-seeking columns. Probably not; he, on his own showing, did not meet any of them at London or any other bridge; and they were not troubled, even temporarily, by the possession of the Queen Anne farthing that disappeared so mysteriously from my bureau on Twelfth Night.

". . . they were not troubled, even temporarily, by the possession of the Queen Anne farthing that disappeared so mysteriously from my bureau on Twelfth Night."

Corners of London

The Charm of the Paintings of John Cole, R.O.I., R.B.A.

WHY is it that an artist of eminence has such a loving regard for quaint, out-of-the-way corners of London? Part of the answer lies in the fact that John Cole has always lived and worked in Kensington, the Royal Borough that is steeped in history. The other part lies in the pleasure which the artist derives from painting old buildings. Perhaps at the first glance the house or shop does not show much antiquity, but when sitting quietly painting, a great deal begins to unfold itself in the shape of the brickwork, the windows and the alterations through the ages. The very cobble-stones of worn and various patterns give an insight to much of the past history. And when the subject is, say, a shop, it is always a pleasure to find that it is still being made good use of to this day.

THE GRENADIER, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

It is said that this inn was once the orderly room of the Duke of Wellington, and that an underground passage led to Apsley House, Piccadilly.

THE CHEMIST, KENDAL STREET

This shop, near Connaught Square, with its lovely iron balcony, has all the graceful air of Georgian times.

A COLLECTOR'S CORNER

An antique shop at a corner of Blandford Street, with coloured blinds and bright geraniums in the window-boxes above.

THE CHEMIST, WIGMORE STREET

The coloured bottles, the ironwork and the lamp outside reflect an age when dispensing was a personal affair.

On right—

A CORNER OF KINNERTON STREET

Here, in Knightsbridge, is a village of its own, with a host of colourful reminders of its past.

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Surrealism in the 16th Century

The Dream-Portraits of Arcimboldo

AUTUMN

Fruit and vegetables make up this typical portrait by Arcimboldo. The artist was born in Milan in 1533, died in 1593. He was a distinguished conventional painter and became portrait painter to the Emperors Maximilian II and Rodolph. An exhibition of his "Têtes Composées" was held earlier this year by Simone Collinet at the Galerie Furstenberg, in Paris.

NINFA-FLORA

Another composition by Arcimboldo, in which a portrait of a woman has been built up entirely with beautifully and minutely painted flowers.

On left—

THE MARKET GARDENER

Common table vegetables were used by Arcimboldo to compose this head of a venerable old gardener.

Above—

THE ADMIRAL

This "Gentleman with Fish Face" preceded Picasso's "Lady With Fish Hat" by about 400 years.

St. Albans Girls' Grammar School, Hertfordshire, Hertfordshire County Council Architects' Department. County Architect: C. H. Aslin, C.B.E., P.R.I.B.A. Main Contractors: Kirk & Kirk Ltd., London, S.W.15

DOWSETT

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

(Shakespeare, "As You Like It," Act II, Sc. 7)

There is no reason for to-day's schoolboys (and schoolgirls) to be described in this way . . . especially if they are lucky enough to be at a school like the one shown above, in which over 3000 yards super., of Dow-Mac precast reinforced concrete wall units were incorporated, together with many other Dow-Mac products. Dow-Mac (Products) Ltd., produce complete buildings as well as units in prestressed and normally reinforced concrete, for every class of construction, including Schools, Factories, Government Stores, Industrial Garages, Police Buildings, Farm Buildings, Office Blocks, Barracks, Sports Pavilions, Village Halls, School Gymnasiums, Sub-stations, Canteens, Site Offices, etc. These products, which embody the highest degree of skill and quality to be found in the concrete industry, are only obtainable through Dow-Mac (Products) Ltd.

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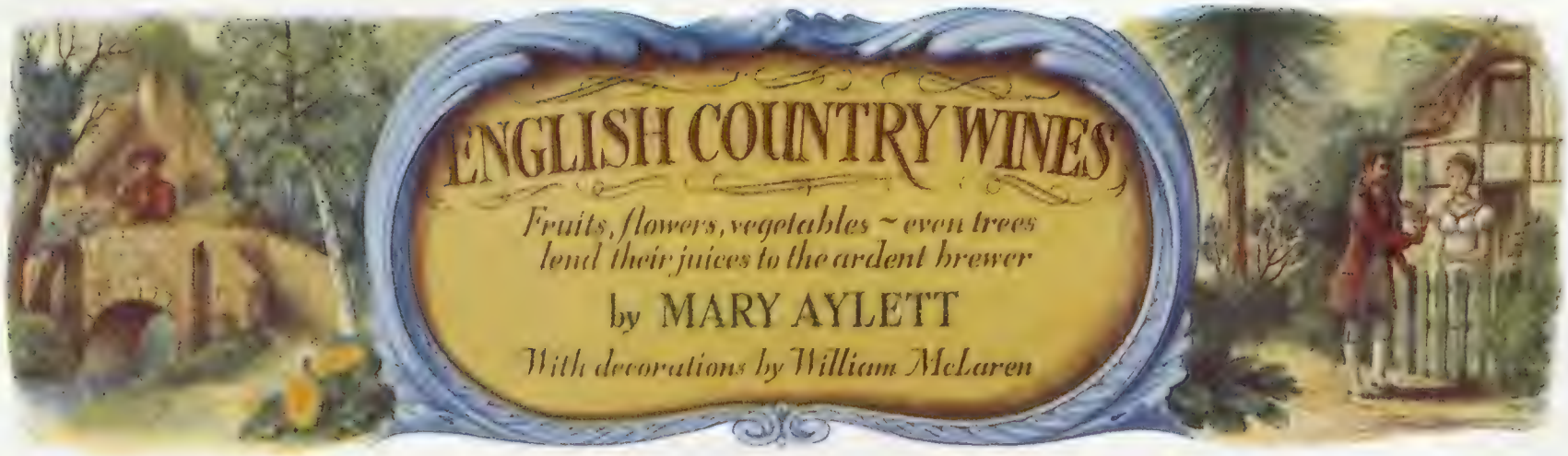

ENGLISH COUNTRY WINES

Fruits, flowers, vegetables ~ even trees lend their juices to the ardent brewer

by MARY AYLETT

With decorations by William McLaren

UNTIL the latter part of last century, wine was as customarily drunk with meals in England as it is to-day in France, and beer even more commonly. The poorest households would produce a bottle of some sort to regale the honoured guest, and the largest part of these drinks was made at home, from simple ingredients, within the reach of the most modest purse.

Once, great houses had their still-rooms, staffed and always busy; cottagers had out-houses or cellars full of bottles and barrels, and homes of the middle sort had, as a rule, one or more supplementary kitchens with equipment for this essential activity of good living.

Several factors account for the decline of wine-making; the growth of large cities, with their confined living quarters; the introduction of tea and coffee, so easily stored and quickly prepared; the import of cheap wines in great quantity from France, and the disregard of old systems of health and hygiene after the development of scientific medicine.

But revolutions in social behaviour are apt to come, in the end, full circle. Imported wine to-day is no longer cheap, nor sometimes very good. Scientific medicine is not so respected as it was. Over-preserved food lacks vitamin content; taxation and rising prices have made hospitality a costly business, and the gaiety of nations has suffered a sad reverse. Thrown upon their own resources, many people are to-day turning to the lore of their forebears in an endeavour to recover the cheerfulness and cordiality which seems to have been lost in the march of "progress." One of the simplest, most agreeable, beneficial and wholesome of grandfather's store of domestic comforts was the cordial, or country wine.

These cordial wines served not one, but several purposes. Not only were they the common currency of hospitality: they had also medicinal value. The rheumatic eased their pains with dry cider—and very effective it was, too. The naturally costive took parsnip wine; the insomniac cowslip, while the bronchial dosed himself liberally with cherry or elderberry. Fermentation preserves the vitamin content of fruit and vegetables admirably, for the heat applied in a carefully-made wine is not great enough to destroy these valuable properties, provided that the old, natural ways are used in their preparation. Moreover, should the drinker of country wine be indiscreet enough to indulge too freely, no headaches or hangovers are to be feared. Though quite alcoholic enough to be enlivening, they are not in any way poisonous, and the discomforts attendant upon the excessive consumption of spirits or fortified wines are quite unknown. Children can be given a glass of wine without apprehension; in the works of so respectable an author as George Eliot, cowslip wine is allowed to them at Christmas-time. If they giggled a little or fell asleep for a while afterwards, it was considered to be of no particular account.

The country wine, however, must be taken with caution. Not a week since, I was told the tale of a party given by a branch of the Women's Institute at their village hall, to which all members were invited to contribute. One farmer's wife sent several gallon jars of parsnip wine to the feast. So mild it was, so apparently light and harmless, that the diners drank freely; after a very lively session hardened male drinkers found themselves unable to stand securely, and one lifelong abstainer had to be removed in the local ambulance.

Making wine is a fascinating business. The variety of bases is such that dwellers in the heart of a great city can buy a dozen different sorts from a greengrocer. The smallest kitchen garden or allotment can supply a large family and a hedgerow provide for the slenderest income.

Fascinating side-issues open, too, before the budding proficient who decides to delve into the subject rather than the mere collection of a few recipes, for the making of liquor is as old as man. The ancient Egyptians called their beer "*bousa*"; from which came the Saxon name for a religious beer carousal. Do not despise the round, rich word "booze"; it has perhaps the longest pedigree of any word still in common use.

"Honeymoon" has to us a sentimental Victorian association, but it derives from the marriage feast of the pagan Norsemen who drank mead for a month after each wedding feast—and very tough parties they must have been, if the surviving accounts do not lie. "Brose," the old Scottish word for porridge, originally referred to a brew of oatmeal and distilled beer, or whisky; it was considered to be a very nourishing breakfast for a hard-working man.

The three traditional beverages of these islands were Celtic mead, British cider and Saxon beer. Before the industrial revolution all were made at home, or, in the case of inns and ale-houses, on the premises. The Government official most familiar to the common people of the Middle Ages was not as now, the income-tax inspector, but the ale-conner, whose duty it was to go from inn to inn, testing the beer to ensure that it was not adulterated. The penalties, in every time but the present, incurred by those who tampered with the nation's drink were heavy and strictly applied. Excellent beer is made to-day in several London homes, but it is done as a rule with the aid of factory-produced extract of malt, for the malting of barley is a tricky business, requiring time, space and experience. No such deterrent holds, however, in the case of mead, which is simply honey and water; its quality depends upon the strength of the solution used and the skill of the brewer—a skill which is simply acquired. Mead, well brewed and matured in wood, will stand comparison with any drink ever made by man.

Cider requires more space and time, for a quantity of apples must be crushed and pressed, but no determined amateur could experience the smallest difficulty in its making, once a few simple rules, common to all brewing, are observed.

The apple is one of the most wholesome and medicinally valuable fruits in the world. Like all fruit and vegetables, its useful properties are lost by storing, preserving or freezing, but in fermentation they are excellently preserved and can be a source of vitality all through the winter.

Elderberry wine, like parsnip, is an old country favourite which is to-day having a renaissance, for the elder is one of the most prolific of our native trees. It has both a medicinal and a gastronomic reputation: as a cure for coughs and colds and an ameliorant to bronchial troubles it is incomparable, especially mulled and drunk over the fire on a cold winter's night. As a wine, rich, strong, of excellent colour, bouquet and piquant flavour, I would as soon drink it as any but the finest Burgundy. Until the "tied house" came in and taxation, too, fell upon the unhappy publican, no inn was ever without elderberry wine, and the passengers on stage coaches, when arriving late at night, cold and weary, ordered it more frequently than French wine or spirits, because it warmed them and helped them to sleep.

Only one circumstance shakes my faith in elderberry wine—that is, the impermanence of its effect, at least among my family. The number of embryonic chills which develop about nine o'clock in the evening since I started to treat them so is quite unprecedented!

Parsnip wine is another classic. It makes a light, delicate brew which has no taste of parsnip whatsoever. I have given it to many persons accustomed to drinking wines and asked them to identify it. Though, of course, they are aware that it is not grape wine, not one has named the true origin. Parsnip wine easily becomes effervescent and is a delightful summer drink.

Gooseberry wine, too, sparkles easily and strongly; it may not be generally known that in the eighteenth century the French were in the habit of passing off gooseberry wine as champagne, and a law had to be passed to make the practice illegal. I do not think a really experienced drinker would be deceived, but a normal one might be.

My local traditional drink is cherry ale, yet the practice of making it had so far decayed that I was obliged to appeal through a local paper for a recipe. This is a great pity, for I have not given cherry ale to a single person who has failed to respond with the highest encomiums. Old beer is poured over cherries and sugar, and the whole re-fermented together. The art lies in the proportions used and in the care taken to keep the ferment going until the brew is really strong and well blended, so that one taste does not predominate over the other.

(*Concluded on page 56*)

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Illuminated Manuscripts (Concluded from page 31)

off ornamental shoots which grew outwards round the text and, in the end, formed a complete border, in which yet more little scenes, serious or grotesque, could be painted. In the fourteenth century, when the feeling for fine script had been largely lost and before the invention in Renaissance Italy of the new Roman and Italic handwritings, based on early medieval models, had revived it, a new scheme of decoration was evolved. Here only a few lines of text appear on the illuminated pages; the miniatures are moved from the initials to the head of the page and the border, also separated from the initial, grows more like a picture-frame. In our Nativity page there is an uneasy contrast between the three-dimensional miniature and the mainly two-dimensional border; but the more realistic Flemish miniatures go with fully three-dimensional borders and the pages as a whole have more unity. Of the two Italian borders one is based on architectural ornament and jewellery and the other frankly imitates a wooden picture-frame: both are three-dimensional.

An illuminated page was executed in a regular sequence, which can be followed by opening an unfinished manuscript at the back, where there is nothing but undecorated text, and turning over the leaves towards the finished pages at the front. When a *scribe* had copied out the text, leaving wide margins and spaces for the initials, an *illuminator* laid out the design for the decoration of the page as a whole, drawing on the vellum or parchment (i.e., calf-skin or sheep-skin) with a fine pen, a plummet pencil or a hard metal point. Execution of the design might be shared by several craftsmen and artists. Simple coloured initials and fillings to uncompleted lines of the text might be done by a *rubricator*, if not by the scribe himself. Next came the gilding, in itself a complex process. The required area was first "pounced", that is, cleaned and roughened by rubbing with powdered pumice, and then covered with size, made of an earthy substance such as chalk and a sticky one such as gelatin, which was left to dry hard: this might take a day or two. Gold leaf was then laid over the size, which had been breathed on to restore the stickiness to its surface, and, when firmly set, burnished with an agate burnisher. Finally the gold leaf could be patterned with a hard point. After the gilding came the painting: journeymen or apprentice *illuminators* would do the merely formal parts of the borders and of the backgrounds to the miniatures; then the *master illuminator* would paint the figures and so forth. Sometimes the master only did the faces and hands and left the drapery to a minor artist.

The book trade in our period was no longer the monopoly of the monasteries, though monks still produced many volumes for their own use and some for outsiders. From the thirteenth century the needs of great universities such as Paris and Bologna could only be supplied by booksellers employing large numbers of secular scribes; and legal texts written at Bologna were exported as far as England, where their decoration was sometimes completed by English artists. The booksellers also supplied the earliest private owners of large general libraries: Charles V of France and his brothers, the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, ordered their books from Paris; Edward IV of England and the later Dukes of Burgundy ordered theirs from Bruges and Ghent. Among the customers of Vespasiano da Bisticci, the leading Florentine bookseller of the fifteenth century, were Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary; Federigo of Montefeltro, Lord of Urbino, who "would have been ashamed to own a printed book"; and Cosimo de' Medici, for one of whose orders, a complete library for a new monastery which he had founded, Vespasiano employed 45 scribes to produce 200 manuscript books in 22 months. The master illuminators, each with his own journeymen and apprentices, worked for the booksellers or directly for the richer owners of libraries. All the half-dozen or so surviving books decorated by the master of the English Psalter were made for Humfrey de Bohun, 7th Earl of Hereford, or his family; which suggests that he was one of their retainers or chaplains. But most of the great illuminators worked at one time or another for a number of patrons. Gerard Horenbout, who as a free master of Ghent probably painted two miniatures in the Flemish Book of Hours, also worked for James IV of Scotland and collaborated with other Flemish masters on the Grimani Breviary, ordered by an Italian patron and now in the library of St. Mark's at Venice; in 1515 he became court painter to Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, and in about 1522 to Henry VIII. In Margaret's service he drew a yearly retainer of 40 *livres*, with 8 *sous* (shillings) for each day's work done on her account, and travelling expenses. The bill he presented to her in 1521 for restoring the Sforza Book of Hours, now in the British Museum, included 75*s.* each for 16 new miniatures (about 5 by 4 ins.), making 60*l.* in all; 4*l.* 4*s.* for 700 gold letters at 12*s.* the hundred; and 40*s.* for some pages sent to be written at Brussels, because he himself "n'avoit loisir les escripre." Reckoning by the gold standard the rough equivalent of the *livre* in to-day's money is just under £3.

ITALIAN—LATE 15th CENTURY

THE TRIUMPH OF FAME, from a manuscript of Italian poems by Petrarch (1304-74), made in the late fifteenth century, probably in Milan, for one of the Ferrarese family of Rome. In the foreground of the miniature, which illustrates the *Trionfi*, an unfinished poem perhaps written in memory of Petrarch's beloved Laura, is Fame on her triumphal car, holding a palm-branch and a trumpet, followed by a double procession—soldiers on the left, men of letters on the right—of the famous dead. They have all passed through the distant triumphal arch, under which can be seen on horseback the shadowy but trivial figure of Death; an Angel points to the Latin word for 'Immortality' inscribed on the near side. (*BM. Add MS. 38125, f.67b.*) The original is 4½ inches wide by 7 inches deep.

The ways in which medieval books have come down to us often make an exciting story. Queen Mary's Psalter, illuminated in East Anglia early in the fourteenth century and later owned by the Earls of Rutland, was confiscated in 1553, when the then Earl was in prison as a suspected supporter of Lady Jane Grey, by a customs officer, as it was about to be shipped from London, and presented by him to the Queen after whom it is named; in 1757, as part of the Royal Library, it was presented to the British Museum by George II. The Luttrell Psalter and the Bedford Psalter and Hours would have been lost to the country of their origin but for the generosity of J. P. Morgan, who instead of buying them for the great library which he had founded in New York, when they came on the market in 1929, enabled the British Museum to do so by lending the price of £64,500 free of interest for a year, so that a public subscription could be raised to swell the funds available from the Treasury.

The history of libraries of manuscripts is no small part of the history of European civilisation. On the Continent some medieval libraries have existed without a break for an almost incredible length of time; the Chapter Library at Verona and that of St. Benedict's Abbey at Monte Cassino were both founded early in the sixth century. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is ultimately based on the collections of French kings of the fourteenth century. Some of the Renaissance libraries have also survived intact; the present Vatican Library began with the many volumes left at his death in 1455 by Pope Nicholas V; Lorenzo de' Medici's books have been available to scholars ever since his death, in the Laurentian Library at Florence. In England, however, there were few large private libraries before the Reformation, and in the dissolution of the monasteries most of the ecclesiastical libraries were scattered or destroyed. We owe most of what we have to the tradition of scholarly collecting founded in Elizabeth I's and James I's time by antiquaries such as Archbishop Matthew Parker, who left his manuscripts to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian at Oxford; and Sir Robert Cotton, whose grandson made over his collection to the nation in 1702. They have been worthily followed by many public-spirited collectors, among them Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., whose will founded the British Museum 201 years ago—he once bought a whole library to be sure of getting hold of the prescription for a successful eye-ointment; Robert and Edward Harley, 1st and 2nd Earls of Oxford, whose collection, drawn from almost every country of Europe, came with Cotton's and Sloane's to the British Museum in 1753; and Sir Thomas Phillips, a highly disagreeable nineteenth-century baronet whose "vellomania", as he called it, drove him to acquire some 60,000 manuscripts, more than any other human being has ever owned.

A last word about Books of Hours. The Divine Office of the Roman Church consists of eight services said daily at the eight Canonical Hours (Matins, Lauds, etc.) in which the whole Psalter is recited once a week. All the clergy were obliged to say it daily, and in time they began to say in addition other services which were not obligatory, the chief of which was the Office, or Hours, of the Virgin. Laymen found the Divine Office too long to say in full, but they did read the psalms, and in the early Middle Ages the Psalter was their customary prayer-book. Later, they began to read the Office, or Hours, of the Virgin instead, and Books of Hours are prayer-books which contain these Hours and a variety of other short services and prayers. Most surviving Books of Hours were made for laymen, and though their illuminations are always pious in tone, account was taken of the owners' personal tastes; the *Très Riches Heures* of John Duke of Berry, for instance, has pictures of his *châteaux*.

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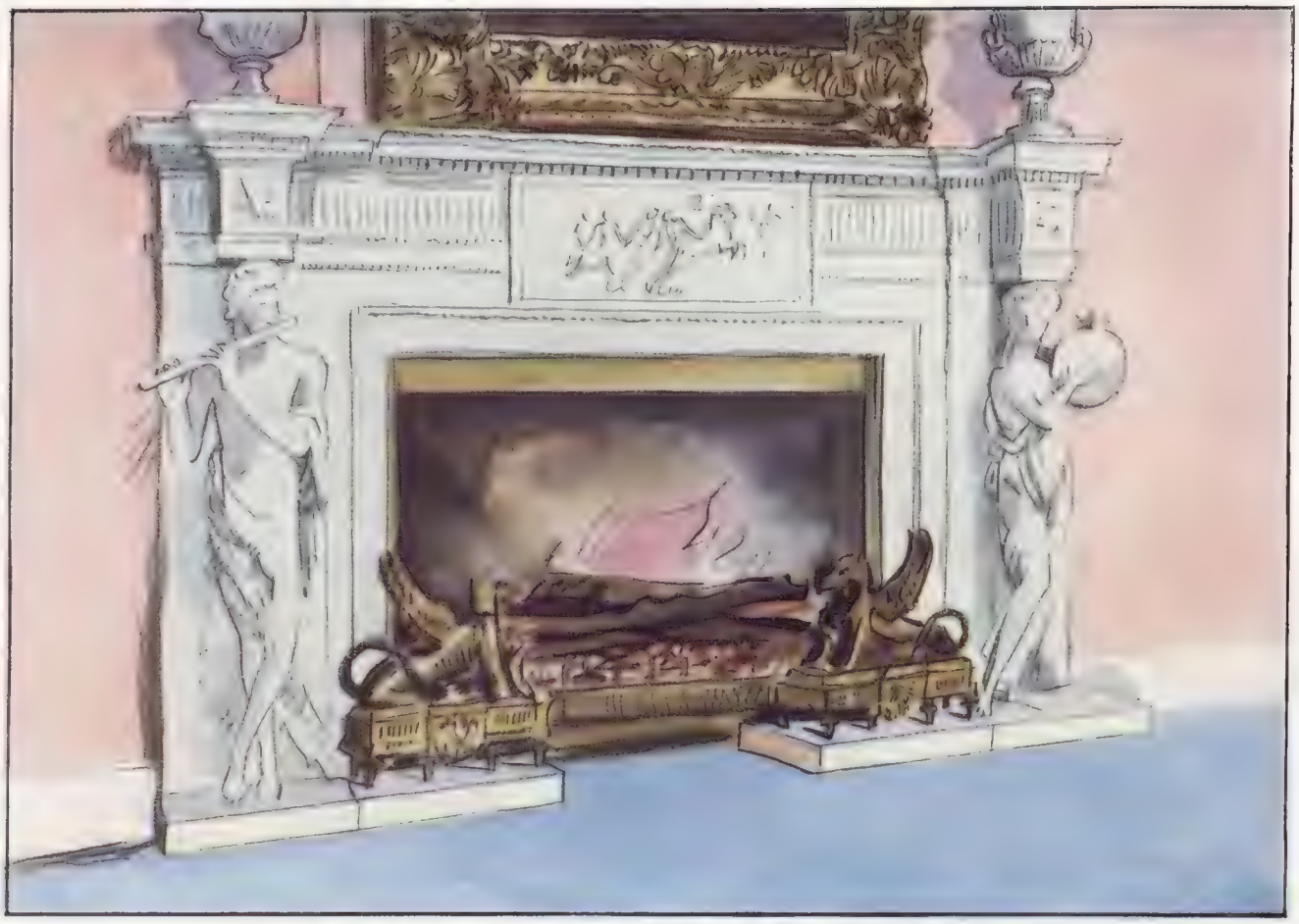


The Adam-style fireplace in the Music Room at Cobham Hall, Kent

Fireplaces and Ingle-nooks

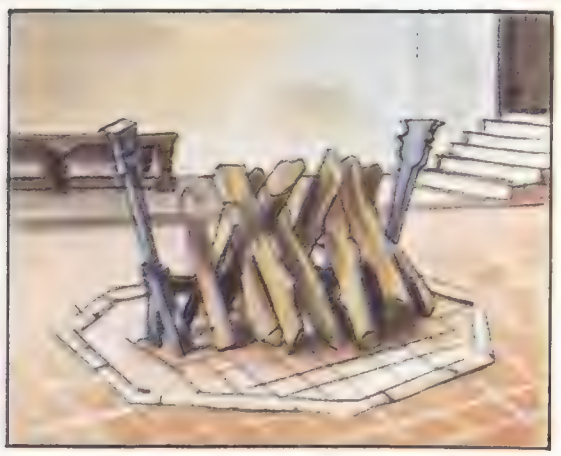
By Ronald Duncan

SO much nostalgia attaches to the phrase "hearth and home," so strong are all the feelings connected with it, that it is a little disturbing to realise that these associations are all comparatively recent. The fireplace is a modern invention; and we are quite wrong if we believe that the conception of home developed from the existence of the hearth. It didn't; and we are in error, too, if we equate the development of family life with the fireside and believe that civilisation dawned with the invention of the chimney-piece.

Such notions are more sentimental than accurate. The fact is, man has an infinite capacity for discomfort, and wandered over the face of the earth for several million years before he got the idea of constructing a mantelshelf on which to rest his weary feet. Civilisations rose and fell without anyone inventing a fireplace. The Romans never knew them, nor did the Greeks. Though Homer makes Ulysses, when in Calypso's grotto, yearn for the sight of the smoke ascending from his home at Ithaca, he was not thinking of a hearth as we know it.

Up till the twelfth century, rooms were warmed entirely by a hypocaust or with braziers. The fire burnt in the middle of the room and the smoke filled it. There were no chimneys, merely a hole in the roof to which the smoke eventually loitered. Classical literature is littered with reference to the nuisance of smoke. Indeed, the phrase "smoke and home" would be one that meant something. The earliest chimney-piece known in England is that in the King's House at Southampton, which dates from about 1140.

An ingle-nook in a country inn



Central hearth with coupled andirons

And even after that date fireplaces were extremely rare. Our ancestors seem to have been quite indifferent to smoke getting in their eyes, and it was not until coal replaced wood that chimneys became a necessary feature of domestic architecture.

It 's true, of course, that the Romans used central heating. But they did not have hot-water pipes, but lit a fire in the cellar, and conveyed the heat around the house by conduits which allowed the hot smoke to billow into the room. This method may not have been so objectionable as it sounds. Palladius gives a recipe for preparing wood so that it will emit the maximum heat and the minimum smoke. He suggests olive roots soaked in water, then dried, and dressed with the lees of oil to produce a fire with the least fumes. The sort of expedient Horace complained was lacking in wayside inns.

And as can be seen from early Spanish and Italian paintings, even the palaces of Emperors and Cardinals lacked a hearth. Instead, we see braziers, or great metal dishes on stands filled with embers or sometimes flaming wood. No doubt these were replenished from great bonfires burning outside in the open courtyard. The use of braziers burning charcoal instead of glowing embers persisted in many Mediterranean countries until the late eighteenth century. And, indeed, I myself have vivid and uncomfortable recollections of renting a cottage in the Province of Var just before the war where a charcoal stove was the only defence against the cold mistral.

It is perhaps understandable why Latins tolerated such crude methods of heating, for though their winters can be extremely cold, they are comparatively brief. But it is not so easy to understand

(*Concluded on page 51*)

Detail of a fireplace carving by Grinling Gibbons

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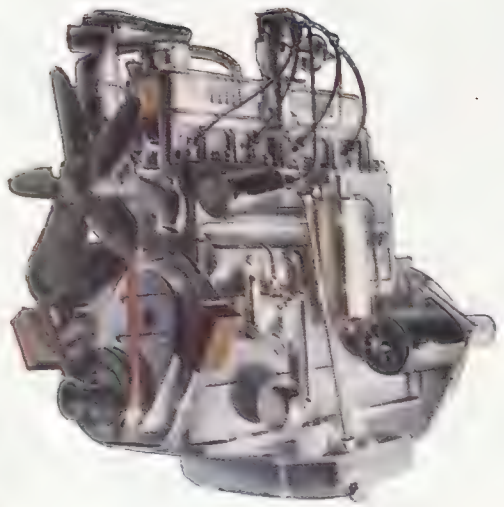

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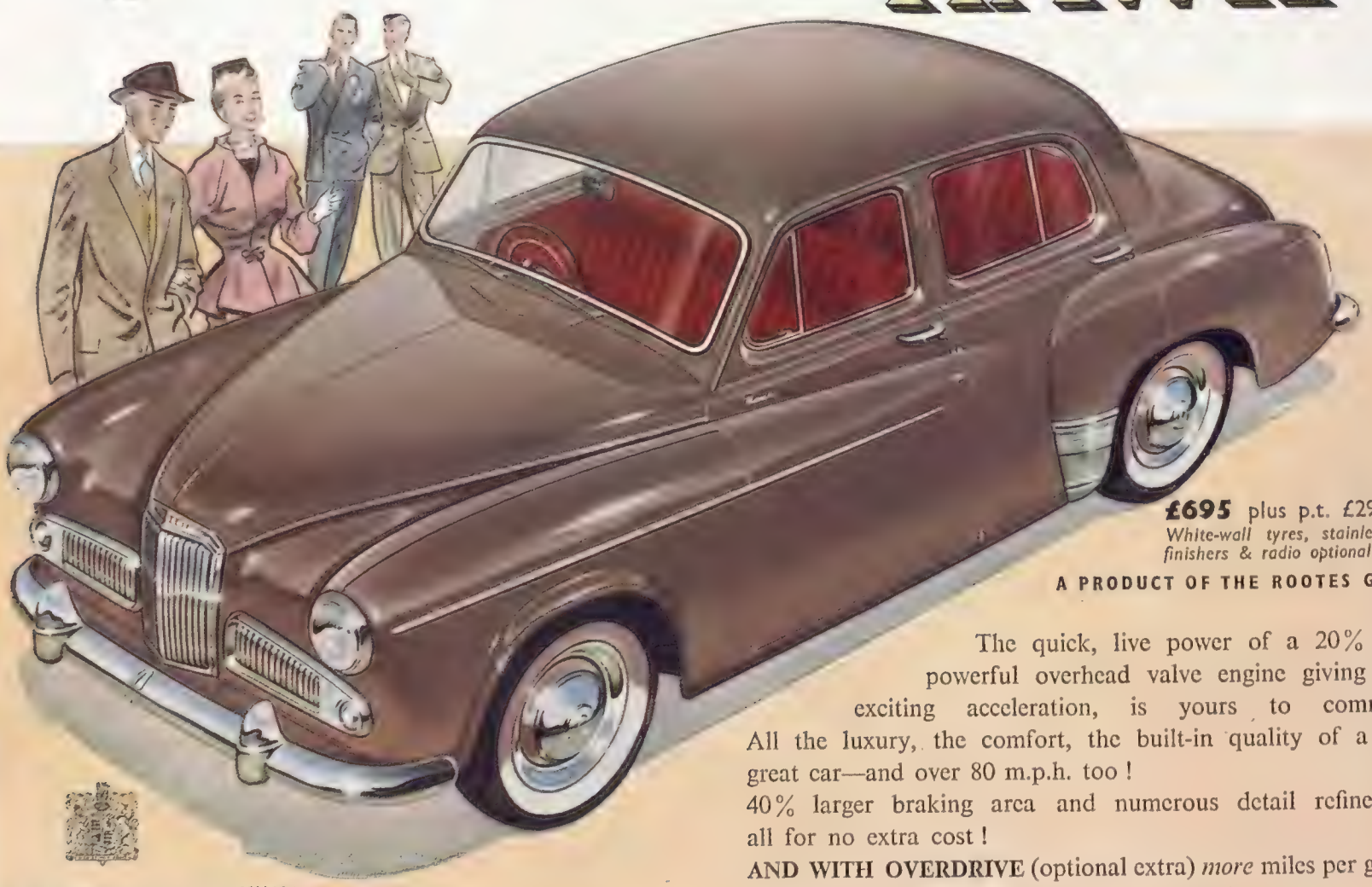

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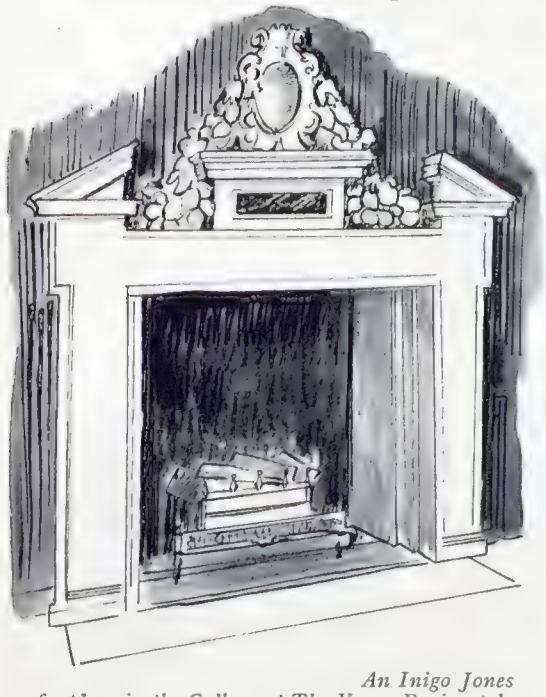
Fireplaces and Ingle-nooks

(Concluded from page 48)

Sketches by Lucien Lowen



An Inigo Jones fireplace in the Gallery at The Vyne, Basingstoke

how the Saxons, with necessity to prod their inventive faculty, didn't tumble on the simple notion of a chimney. There is abundant evidence that they did not. We know that the Normans, partially for political motives but principally for reasons of public safety, introduced the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, which made it compulsory for householders to place a metal cover over their fire at dusk until dawn. As Saxon dwellings were thatched, these bonfires burning on stones or in pits in the centre of the room were extremely dangerous. And it is interesting that whatever the political advantages of the curfew were, Henry I had to abolish it when the invention of the chimney had made it no longer possible for him to justify the restriction on grounds of public safety.

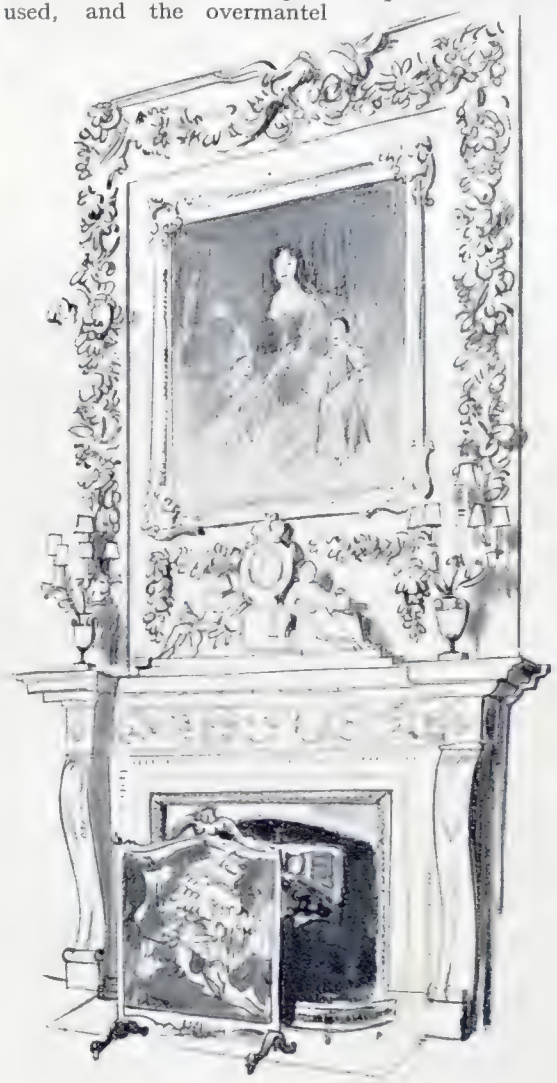
But what the people gained in social freedom and safety they must have lost in warmth. For as soon as the chimney was invented the fire was moved from the centre of the room to a side wall. Examples of the middle Gothic fireplaces can be seen at the old Convent Kitchen at Durham, built in 1368, and at St. Cross's Hospital, Winchester. The chief characteristics of this period are the monumental structure of the hood, usually emblazoned with arms, and the width and depth of the hearth itself, sufficient to allow people to sit by the side of the fire. These early fireplaces undoubtedly show a compromise between the Saxon fireplace in the centre of the room, which was open to four sides, and the Renaissance fireplace, which was only accessible at one. Another attribute of some Gothic fireplaces is the clome bread oven, built into the side wall, which used to be heated by burning gorse in it, then brushing the embers out with a wet broom. Many of these ovens can still be found in Cornish and Welsh farmhouses.

The carving, both in stone and in wood, marked the early Renaissance chimneys, most of which were supported by statues of cupids or cherubims. It is worth noting, too, that not only are the chimney-pieces of this period carved, but the protruding hood has disappeared and the hearth is flush with the wall.

The Jacobean has no fundamental difference from the Tudor style, though, perhaps, the Renaissance has been more assimilated. Many fine examples of fireplaces of this period exist, especially in Hatfield House and Holland House, Kensington. As the seventeenth century advanced, Inigo Jones, influenced by classical designs, simplified the decoration, and made the hearth smaller. Many examples of his work exist, consisting of the ordinary mantelpiece with classic architraves and shelf, the upper part of the chimney breast being panelled like the rest of the room. With Grinling Gibbons, at the end of the century, the classic architraves were abandoned altogether for a simple stone lintel and more elaborate and bolder moulding based on the chimney-piece above. The best examples of Gibbons's work are at Hampton Court and Blenheim Palace.

Mr. Duncan's own design—a fireplace open at three sides

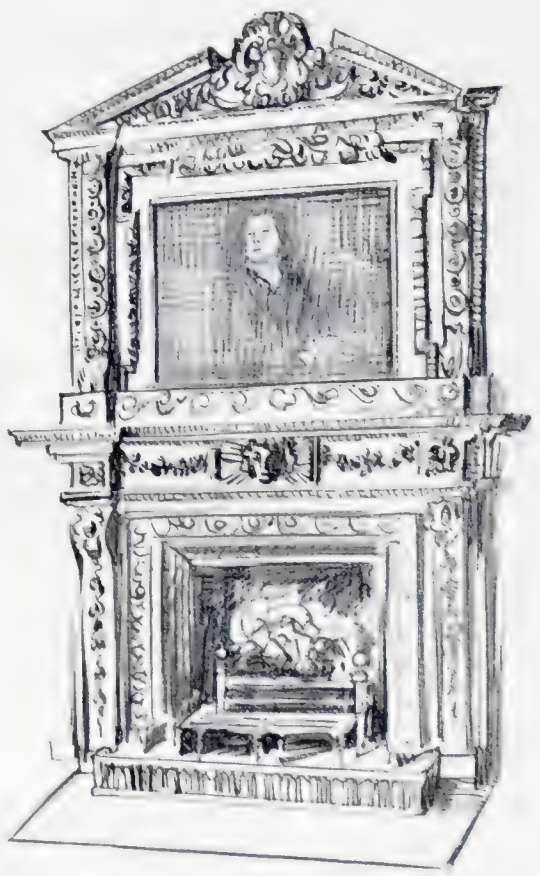
In the 18th century the architect returned more to Inigo Jones again, digesting the style of Louis XIV as well. Figure sculpture was still used, and the overmantel



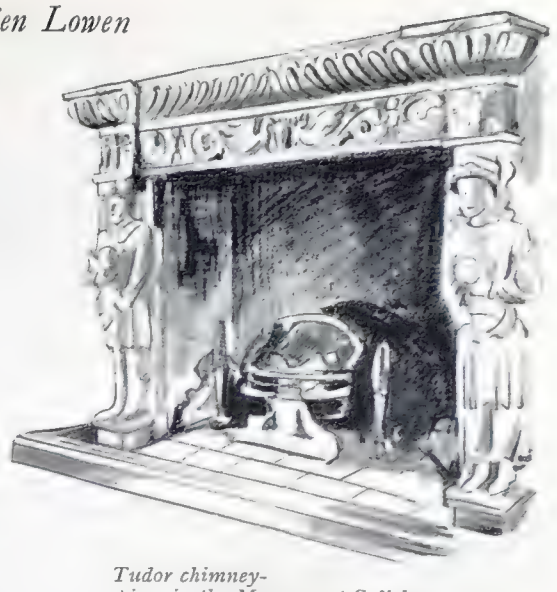
The Grinling Gibbons fireplace in the Queen's Presence Chamber, Windsor Castle

developed into an elaborate frame for the family portrait. By the close of this century the designs of the brothers Adam superseded all others, though the work of Chambers, Dance and Kent are notable.

But in the countryside, especially in farmhouses, the large open fireplace continued to be



A late Renaissance-style fireplace, built in the first half of the 18th century at Horsham Park



Tudor chimney-piece in the Museum at Salisbury

built. Whatever their æsthetic qualities might be, this form of hearth has considerable disadvantages. I should know, for I 'm sitting before one now, and have been in this uncomfortable position for the last fifteen years. My shoes are so hot that the rubber soles are sticky, yet my back is as cold as though there were no fire in the room at all.

Of course, the advantages of these large open fireplaces are obvious. Their width enables you to hurl half a tree on at a time. And if you own woodlands or have access to driftwood you are led to think that an open hearth will help you make economies. You are grievously mistaken. To begin with, the fire still smokes in spite of its chimney. I can tell which way the wind is blowing by the amount of smuts falling on this page. Brass and copper canopies to try and draw the smoke up; a glass panel under the beam to try and prevent it billowing out; and even a revolving cowl on the chimney-top to increase the draught, are all unavailing. If you shut the door, the fire smokes, and if you open it, the draught blows on your back. It was to combat this draught, without which the fire wouldn't burn at all, that the ingle-nook was invented. The family was driven on to the fire itself.

And you will find, too, that however wide these open hearths are, your log is often wider. You are then forced to the extremities of either getting a saw or of getting up and going to bed. But in all probability you make a compromise and arrange the logs like the charged carbons in a magic-lantern, with two ends in some proximity and the other two sticking out into the room. When you tire of the inconvenience of tripping over these protrusions you are driven to building a vertical fire by poking the long logs up the chimney so that they rest on their burning ends.

And even when you have ash and no oak and the fire is burning gaily, at least 80 per cent. of the heat is going up the chimney, with or without the smoke. And unless you have an ingle-nook, only two or three persons can sit in front of this fire.

To combat this limitation I once designed and built a fireplace which is open at three sides. For the hearth itself I took an old water-mill stone of about 3 ft. in diameter. I set this stone so that at least five-sixths of it lay into the room. I then had a chimney built over the stone supported on iron brackets, tied into the wall. As a further support I took an old iron rim from a cartwheel and cut two sections off. I bolted one end of these iron arcs to the top bracket and the other was cemented into the wall. Then I bricked in between the iron rim and the top bracket and obtained the shape of a bow at the side of the hearth, thus leaving three sides of the fire open to the room.

But perhaps architects could do better by returning the fireplace to the Saxon position. Of course, it is much easier to construct a chimney by building it within a side wall, but surely it could be supported on four pillars set at each corner of the fire itself? Or, if made of aluminium, hung from the roof? At any rate, it is plain that our invention has a long way to go in improving the hearth if it is not to drive us out of the home. No doubt all fireplaces are archaic and central heating is more efficient. But a home without a hearth has no centre. Even the draughty farmhouse fire, or the Victorian rabbit-hole of a grate which only holds a handful of coal, do provide a point of focus. A fire is something to look into, even if it doesn't warm. Watching flame and smoke, our dreams unwind. Who can meditate by a radiator, or fall asleep over an electric bar?

A Calendar of Birds

Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald Wrote these Seasonal Notes to the Pauline Baynes Painting on pages 10 *and* 11

THE mallard is the most optimistic of birds. Alone of British wild birds he regards January, often a singularly unpleasant month, as the beginning of spring—and acts accordingly. In spring, as you will know, the thoughts of males, human and otherwise, turn to love. As a matter of fact, this is a thought that is never very far from a mallard's mind—the breeding season may be said to last from February to November, and the intervening months are spent in planning the next season's campaign—and even on a really cold January day you may see pairs of mallard contentedly in company. It is pleasant to realise, as you rush back to a hot toddy, that spring and the first eggs are only just round the corner.

February's bird—the Robin

Most people associate the robin with Christmas and Christmas cards. Actually there could be no more unsuitable bird to adorn a card at the season of goodwill, for the robin is notably lacking in goodwill. He tolerates a female robin during the breeding season (and only during the breeding season), and he tolerates humans as a profitable source of food. Much more truly, I think, is the robin the bird of February. For it is when, with the increasing light, we make our first tentative excursions into the garden that we become really aware of the robin. It is now that we may realise what an aggressive little brute he is, how eager to drive away other birds. But he so flatters us with his close company that we ignore the darker side to his character.

Of the bird of March there can be no doubt at all. It is, beyond question, the missel thrush. This large, handsome thrush is one of our earliest nesters and our earliest songster. A really fierce March gale brings out the best in the missel thrush. Then he will seek the highest branch of some wind-tossed tree and shout his defiance at the gale. Not for nothing do country people call him the stormcock. And his song ranks very high in the table of great songsters.

Equally there can be no doubt that the cuckoo is the bird of April. Spring has really come when we hear the first cuckoo, and the bird is remarkably punctual, arriving every year about the middle of the month. It is, by the way, only the male who says "cuckoo": the female makes a sound like the bath-water running out. Each male has quite a large territory and he spends his time flying round this, urging his numerous wives on to greater efforts. The female cuckoo has solved the greatest of all problems. She leaves nest-building, housekeeping and the rearing of her own young to other birds.

May is the month of the nightingale. This large, stoutly-built, brown robin has a world-wide reputation as a songster. The song period is very short—broadly speaking, it is over at the end of May—but the nightingale sings at night, and therein lies the secret of his reputation. He sings also by day—indeed, he sings all day long while nesting—but then he is scarcely noticed (except by the experts) in the great chorus of bird-song. At night he reigns supreme; by day he is just another good songster.

The coarse-fishing season opens on June 16. It is appropriate, therefore, that the kingfisher, who is so much better a fisherman than the best of us, should be the bird of June. In any case, at other times of the year, all you see is a momentary brilliant flash. It is only now, in June, as you sit on the river bank, watching your float hopefully, that you may really see the kingfisher. For now this most brilliantly coloured of all British birds will often come and watch too. He has even been known to perch on the fisherman's rod and do his own fishing from that vantage point.

The black headed gull, our most common gull, is changing its habits and its way of life. A sea-bird, it is forsaking the sea for the suburbs and the farm-lands. After the breeding season it tends to take a holiday, and large numbers come to London on sight-seeing expeditions in July and August. During the summer months, they take their holidays inland while we go to the seaside.

One of the most familiar sights of the English summer, the sight by which we know that summer is drawing to its close, is the line of swallows on the telegraph wires. We are unaware of the departure of most of our summer visitors. But the line of swallows twittering on the wires, the screaming of swifts high in the evening sky, these are as definite as the departure times in a time-table. We know that the nights are drawing-in, that fogs and chill winds are on the way. And we know that the swallows and swifts, like the millionaires of old, are off to the sunshine.

In May—the Nightingale

September is the month of the shooting-man, and the red grouse is his most famous quarry. Not because it is the most difficult bird to shoot, but because it is the most expensive and one of the most inaccessible. But the red grouse has a greater claim to fame than that. He is the only truly British bird. He occurs nowhere else in the world. He belongs to the heather moorlands of the north and the west of Britain, and though many people have tried to introduce him to heather moorlands elsewhere in Europe, he is a true patriot—take him from Britain and he dies.

On still, frosty nights of October, and particularly when the moon is full, the owls call. There is the lovely double note of the brown owl's hoot, the long, deep bugle call of the long-eared owl, and the unearthly scream of the white barn owl, flitting like a ghost low over the ground. It is with good reason that the barn owl is called the "screech" owl. And October is his month, for now he is more vocal than at any other time of the year. Man has few better friends in the bird world than this solemn-looking bird with the beautiful flight and the horrible voice.

November is the height of the pheasant-shooting season. Now this Asian bird, who was brought to Britain by the Romans, lords it over our woodlands as surely as our native grouse rules the moorlands earlier in the autumn. Magnificent in appearance, the cock pheasant is a bird of no morals. He has as many wives as he can manage to secure in face of considerable competition—and he deserts them all, almost as soon as they are won. But he is a bird of very considerable intelligence. He seems to know exactly when the shooting season ends, and he has learnt how to look after himself in alien surroundings so well that, when all artificial feeding ceased during the war, and many expected him to disappear, his numbers increased prodigiously.

It seems fitting that December, the month of the shortest day, should be accorded to the snipe. You may think of the drumming snipe of the water-meadows of April, for this is the only time that most of us ever see the little bird with the zig-zag flight. But really the snipe is not the bird of the spring water-meadows so much as the bird of twilight in damp places everywhere. In April he is carried away by emotion, and behaves as foolishly as anybody else under a like stress. But in December, a tiny grey shadow in the grey light at the bog's edge, so much a part of the light and the land that it needs years of practice to see him, he is his true self—the despair of the marksman and the delight of those who like to walk in sedgy places in early evening.

In October—the Owl

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

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Charles Dickens Chooses a Cabinet

(*Continued from page* 35)

portentously sagacious chin, we are told, and "a pompous voice, with a rich huskiness in some of its tones that went directly to the heart, like a ray of light shining through the ruddy medium of choice old burgundy. His neckcloth and shirt-front were of the whitest, his clothes of the blackest and sleekest, his gold watch-chain of the heaviest and his seals of the largest. His boots, which were always of the brightest, creaked as he walked. Perhaps he could shake his head, rub his hands, and warm himself before a fire better than any man alive, and he had a peculiar way of smacking his lips and saying 'Ah' at intervals while patients detailed their symptoms which inspired great confidence. All splendid gifts for the post—unless it goes to Montague Tigg himself, who ran the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company and made a fine thing out of it . . .

The Lord Chancellor must certainly be Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who heard the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick with such sagacity and who had such a complete understanding of the laws of evidence. "You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said . . ."

There are several claimants, too, for the Attorney-Generalship. Some might favour Sergeant Buzfuz, some Mr. Stryver, who employed poor Sidney Carton and would have elbowed everybody else out of the way. But there is an actual Attorney-General in *Little Dorrit*. His name is never disclosed. He is just called Bar. He had a little insinuating Jury droop and a most expressive, persuasive double eyeglass, and he got the job by knowing how to handle the great Lord Decimus Barnacle. The post of Solicitor-General lies between Mr. Tulkinghorn and Conversation Kenge, with slight odds on the latter.

The Postmaster-Generalship is an open question. The gigantic Yorkshireman John Browdie was much impressed by the outside of the General Post Office, but would he have been much good inside? No, Sam Weller has the better claim. He was quicker, smarter, and he could perform "postman's knock" while sliding on the ice. Besides, Sam is worthy of a place in any Government at all.

The more decorative posts, like Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, have many who would fit them, such as Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, Lord Snigsworth of Snigsworthy Hall, the glorious Lord Decimus Barnacle himself, and even dear, amiable Cousin Feenix.

But how about the Ministry of Labour? It depends how you look at it. The Cheeryble Brothers knew how to treat a staff. Joe Gargery, himself a working man, is a candidate but perhaps a thought too kindly. There is Gradgrind, at the other end of the pole, and that iron-master, Mr. Rouncewell, who had started as a "hand" and risen to an iron-master and who so shocked Sir Leicester Dedlock's complacency. He would be ideal if it were not for Mr. Pancks. Mr. Pancks was a working man who believed in working. He was always at it, as busy as a steam tug. He collected the rents for the arch-hypocrite Casby and harried the defaulters. They told him they were always grinding, grudging, toiling every minute of the day. He replied, "What else are you made for?" They could not answer. It shut them up. What an ideal Minister of Labour—but how unpopular he would be.

There is an unlimited choice for the Ministry of Education, of both sexes too, for claimants must include Mrs. Pipchin and Mrs. General; Doctor Blimber, with his academic forcing-house for young gentlemen at Brighton, must have a strong claim. His attitude to the world was "Can anyone have the goodness to indicate any subject in any direction on which I am uninformed? I rather think not." His favourite remark was "Young gentlemen, we resume our studies in half an hour." Mr. Creakle is there, too, his lack of voice made up for by his handiness with the cane. But to-day, which is unromantic and practical, when fact means more than any knowledge of the classics or suchlike old-fashioned nonsense, there is nobody more suitable than Wackford Squeers. He dealt in realism. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby, the regular education system. C–l–e–a–n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W–i–n, win–d–e–r, der, winder, a casement. When he knows that out of the book, he goes and does it. It 's just the same principle as the use of the globes." One fears Squeers would get the job to-day and might show useful results, too.

The Ministry of Transport belongs unchallenged to dear old Tony Weller, and one would like to see charming young Ferdinand Barnacle in a post too. He is, it is true, the perfect Civil Servant of the Circumlocution Office, but his knowledge of and liberal distribution of Forms might make him handy at the Ministry of Agriculture. The Scots M.P. in *Nicholas Nickleby* is the obvious Secretary of State for Scotland.

There remains the Home Secretary. Who but Mr. Pickwick himself? That benevolent gentleman was intensely interested in Home Affairs. Foreign parts held no charm for him. He was interested only in England. He understood debates, for he ran his own club. He addressed them on "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some observations on the Theory of Tittlebats." Could anything be more homely? He travelled England with his friends, a-thirst for knowledge, and acquired some astonishing facts. He saw life and he knew life. He had an intimate knowledge of the inside of a prison and the prerogative of mercy would have been in good hands. His personality and address would have made him acceptable to his Monarch, of whom he would have to see quite a lot. And he would, one thinks, have taken a sympathetic view on the vexed question of the Licensing Laws. He would have done his best to make England a happier and better place in which to live, and would have stopped any interference with the simple pleasures of the People. He might have been the best Home Secretary this country ever had . . .

That is the Cabinet it is suggested Dickens would have chosen—his own people to work with him. One had a lingering suspicion that he would have been a very independent Prime Minister—he might even have turned into a Constitutional Dictator—and nobody would have been the worse for that. It seems an intriguing subject, and the selection of such a Cabinet, to help while away some hours of idleness at the season Dickens loved above all others—may enable him to give his heirs even more pleasure yet.

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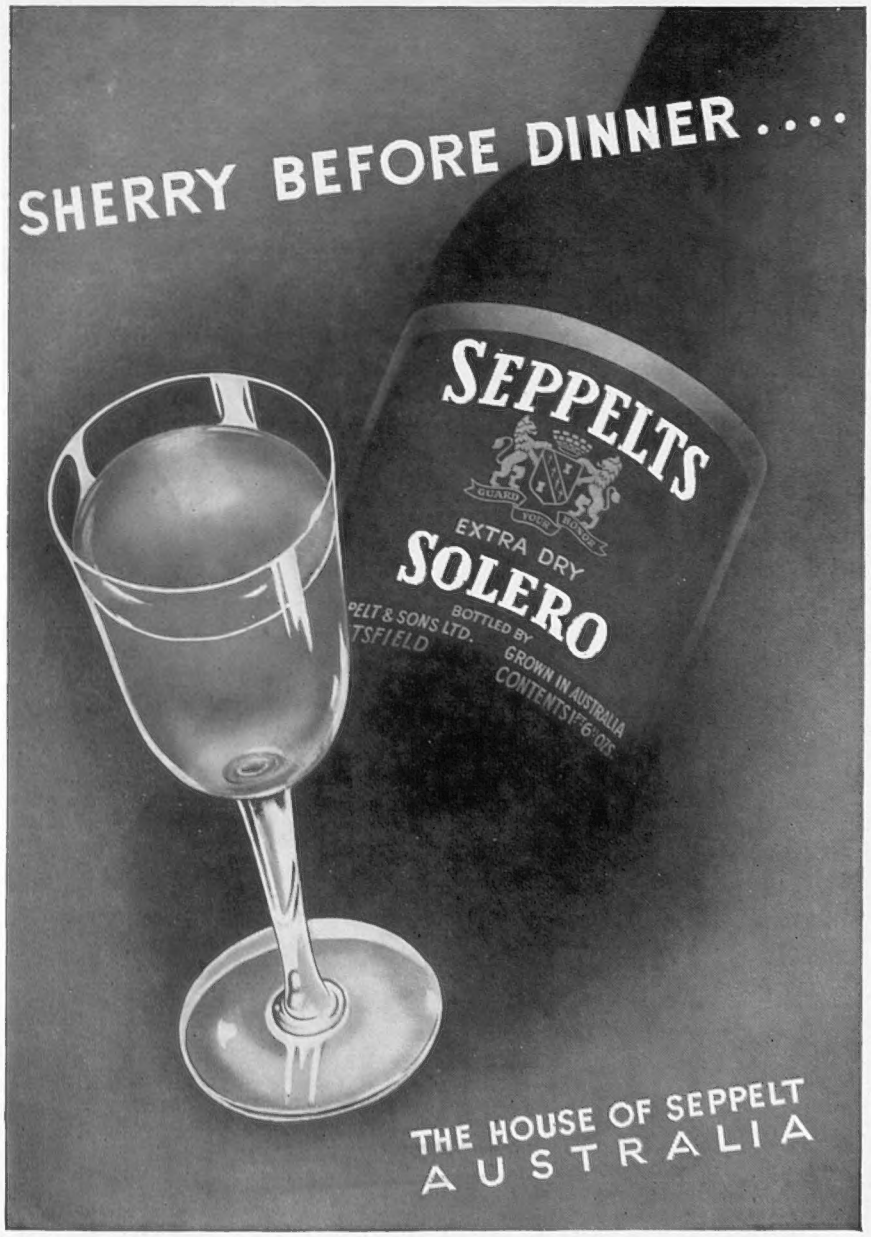

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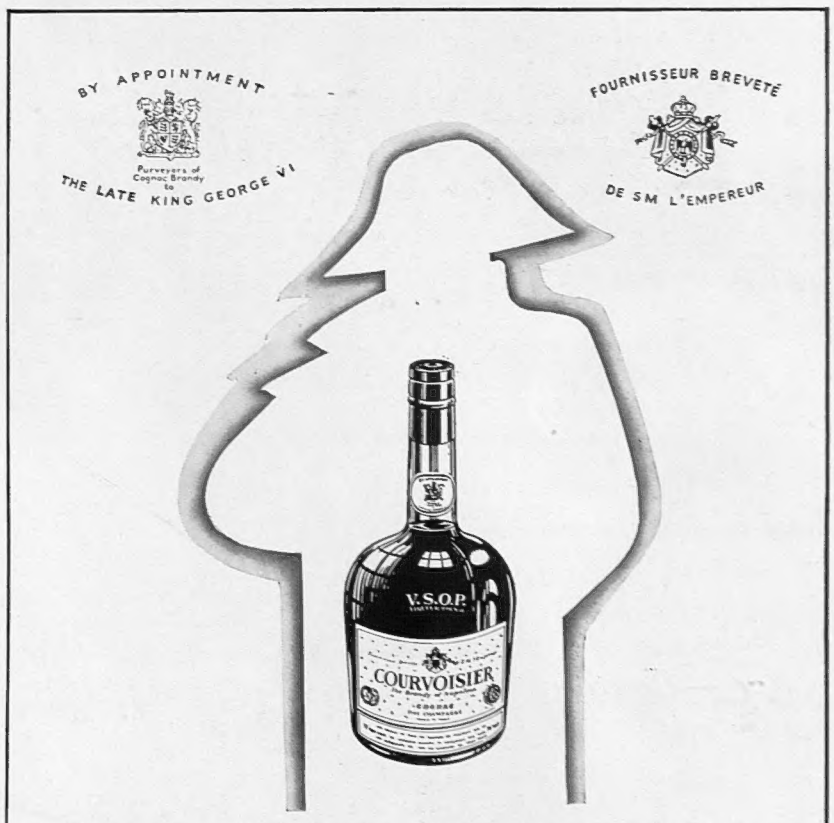

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English Country Wines

(*Concluded from page* 44)

A short survey of the available recipes in use not only in England but all over the world must incline us to the view that nature made all vegetable matter to ferment, and wine is therefore the first of the gifts of the gods which, though not entirely necessary for his survival, are of the greatest use in encouraging man to do so. I do not think a primitive race has been discovered that does not brew some form of alcoholic drink to enliven its "nasty, brutish and short" existence. The wonder is, not that man discovered *wine* so early, for the process is a simple one, but that from his earliest years of civilised existence the complex, difficult and sophisticated process of malting and brewing barley should have been known. The oldest laws in the world, the Sumerian "Code of Hammurabi," mention beer, and there can be no doubt that since that time, the experiments carried out by adventurous brewers have been many and various—indeed, the temptation to experiment with this fascinating process once it is discovered is to-day as strong as it ever was. The wine sacred to the Mongol emperors of China, made of fermented lamb chops, has not been rivalled in England, but only, I am quite sure, on account of the rationing of meat. Enthusiasts are always bringing me news of their attempts to brew onions, cold tea, spinach, and heaven knows what else, as if some of the known ingredients were not strange enough.

Not only fruit and flowers are used, but leaves and the sap of trees. Birch wine is common to the entire north of Europe. The tree must be tapped in spring and some of the descending sap drawn off each day. The tapping of trees without killing them is a tricky business; the Russian army which occupied Hamburg in one of the innumerable Continental wars, caring nothing, as all occupying armies care nothing, for the conquered, killed all the birch forests of the area by tapping the trees too long and too frequently.

Spruce beer was another drink much liked in the north. The Scandinavian peoples claim that they never in the whole history of their race, noted for its long voyages of discovery, had a sailor suffering from scurvy, from their custom of carrying a strong essence of spruce on each ship, and fermenting beer as it was needed. Spruce beer was well liked in England too. Readers of Jane Austen will recall that Mr. Knightley and Emma both praised it.

As soon as exotic fruits were introduced into England, they were brewed into wine—all save bananas, which came so late that the custom had already declined. Banana wine is, in consequence, confined to certain remote districts of Central Africa. But orange wine was made in the eighteenth century; Jane Austen mentions making it several times in her correspondence with her sister Cassandra. Lemon wine is less common, but it is very good. The "strong wines" denounced in the Bible were probably palm wine or toddy, made sometimes from the fruit of the date palm, and sometimes from the sap. A good one can be brewed from the cheap and cheerful, though not attractive-looking, dates to be seen once more in the grocers' shops.

Withal, one must not forget the prince of wines, the grape wine, and that it is as easily grown in this country as in many where its cultivation is undertaken upon a commercial scale. Only at one time in the history of England was there, to my knowledge, no vineyard at all in the length and breadth of the British Isles: that was between 1921, when the one belonging to the Marquess of Bute, in Wales, was grubbed, and the planting of one in Surrey by Mr. Barrington Brock in 1945. To-day there are several and the number is increasing.

But it is not necessary to have anything so elaborate as a vineyard to make one's own wine. A vine grown over a wall, carefully chosen by an expert on growing habit, simply pruned and given the minimum of cultivation, will provide enough wine, in a few years, for a family. There are several such in London itself—one, at least, in Kensington. The vine is not a fussy plant, but one of the most vigorous and fastest growers known to horticulture, and the making of wine is simplicity itself. After all, illiterate peasants have been doing it for centuries without the aid of science or labour-saving devices. I know of one vine, on a cottage wall in Kent—old, to be sure—which produces ten gallons of wine in an average year.

Goodwill among men has always been expressed by the offer of food or drink, particularly drink, if it is alcoholic. Somehow, the offer of a cup of tea or coffee has never meant quite the same thing, perhaps because less trouble has gone to its making and less cordiality results from its consumption. The cost of good liquor to-day is putting a damper on the once-famous English hospitality, and it is sad to think that this genial tradition should become obsolete for lack of means. Drink taxation is a result of negative ways of thinking, of old men looking for things to stop rather than things to do. When it takes charge of a nation such a state of mind brings with it decline in every aspect of living, unless a nation more vigorous than its legislators defeats the downward trend. The brewing of wines and beers is a simple pleasure, to be sure, but it is a very amusing and absorbing one, and if it cannot be called a public duty it will certainly be found to be a private benefit. What other activity to-day pursued gives so much pleasure to others? Who ever heard of a man making wine and being content to drink it all himself? The very charm of making wine is that it can be shared with every friend one has; that it can open the heart as well as the mind, in a world growing increasingly narrow, except in a purely mechanical sense.

In fact, if I go on much longer, I shall convince myself that one *ought* to make wine, as a social duty, and that would, needless to say, spoil all the fun. I don't think one *ought*—but I hope you will!

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